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THE
PATAPSCO
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
CHARLES SORAN.

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
But just a *rhymist*, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.—*Burns*.

Third Edition, with Additions.

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY SHERWOOD & CO.
N. W. CORNER BALTIMORE AND GAY STREETS.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE verses herein presented to the public, are the effusions of one who

“has to learning nae pretence,”

and whose opportunities for the cultivation of poetic grace have been extremely limited. Many of the articles in the volume were composed whilst in the actual performance of mechanical labor, and written out in moments of relaxation; and all of them are the fruits of time stolen from more important employments.

Believing, however, that such statements, if they have any force, argue as much against publishing, as in extenuation of faults, he merely mentions the facts for what they are worth, and, relying upon the merit of his productions, presents them to the public, hoping that his readers will, if nothing more, accord to him the merit of the *attempt*, in the pieces which he values the most, to celebrate in song some of the glories of his native city, and the virtues and patriotism of its citizens.

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition of this book having been exhausted soon after its publication, I thought of republishing it to supply repeated demands for the work ; but deferred its republication for a time, with the view of making some corrections and additions that would render it more acceptable to the public. Owing, however, to the kind interference of two literary gentlemen, my personal friends, who were anxious to serve me on account of my recent loss by fire, this purpose has been brought about earlier than I expected ; and I fear without such improvements as might have been made under less distracting circumstances. With a just appreciation, however, of the favor shown to the first edition, I submit the present issue to the public, desiring whatever kindness may be manifested to *me* by my friends, that the *work* will be judged by its merits alone.

CHARLES SORAN.

BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY ELLEN C. SORAN.

CHARLES SORAN, the author of this work, was a native of Baltimore. He was born in 1809, and died May 2d, 1857. He resided in the "city of monuments" during his boyhood, and when just entering man's estate, he removed to Philadelphia; but the love of home was "strong within his soul," and he could not remain away from his native city. His "Address to Baltimore" can more fully portray his true feelings than my feeble pen. His thoughts turned ever upon the home of his childhood, and even when life's sands had nearly ceased to run, his mind turned to the shores of the bright Patapsco, to the city of his love, his native Baltimore. Ever loving and beloved, he had many friends, and none can say that his heart ever was steeled against them in days of adversity and trial. His ever ready ear hearkened to the call for sympathy, for succor—especially if that call were made by one of the gentler sex. He was ever their protector. He loved the very name of "woman," and, regarding neither name nor station, he was always willing and

ready to lend himself to her aid and defence. His genius was versatile. His ever ready pen turned with the rapidity of thought from grave to gay, and from gay to grave, without a perceptible effort. His pencil was constantly between his busy fingers in readiness for any opportunity, and brilliant thoughts flashed quick and fast, replete with purity and beauty. In gentle, quiet and pleasant themes, he was most at home. He was also a satirist, although his kind heart permitted him very rarely to display the gift, and then only to his family and intimate friends. He had a remarkable talent for drawing, and a fine ear for music. His poems are full of melody and sweetness, and the reader cannot but see that they are the fervent outpourings of his heart. We loved him well, and were ever ready to minister to his happiness; yet God called him, and he has gone. No burst of applause can now cause a thrill of pleasure to swell his manly bosom. The bright glow of genius is quenched, and his body has returned to the earth. Quietly he sleeps; his gentle voice is for ever hushed, his quiet smile has passed away. Gone! gone! But, kind reader, his devoted wife, his partner in all his hours of joy and sadness, of happiness or adversity—the children of his love, his treasures, still live to look eagerly and anxiously for the applause due to their father. Last Christmas day he was with them; his voice joined with theirs in the hymns of the Holy Jesus. Their joy was his. He sat with them at the Christmas dinner, his look of love was beaming brightly upon them; but now his chair is vacant. There is a void never, never to be filled,

and their aching hearts turn smiles to tears, and cause words of cheerfulness that tremble on their lips to pass away unuttered. He has gone! the father, guide and friend. The sunny May that brought joy to so many hearts, brought sorrow and desolation to his once happy family. The first link in the chain is sundered, and the thought is prompted, who will follow next? Kind friends! readers of these poems, with true sympathy for the sorrowing, grant the only consolation in your power—read these pages, the outpourings of as true and pure a mind as ever was created, and pray for a blessing upon those that mourn his loss. We ask no long encomium upon his genius and his labors, but only desire that he may be appreciated as he deserved.

The foregoing sketch was written by the daughter of the author of these poems. She has briefly glanced at his history and character, and the effort proclaims the fact that the loss of the father and friend so dearly loved, was more deeply felt than the desire either to eulogize his name or to extend the narrative of his life. Nor is either necessary. It is but a short period since he was with his friends, both in Baltimore and Washington city, and his memorial is fresh in their minds and hearts. They remember him as the companion of yesterday, and the scenes in which they sat and communed together, may not readily be forgotten.

Mr. Soran was well known in Baltimore, in which the greater portion of his life was passed. His active habits, as reporter and editor of literary and com-

mercial journals, introduced him to the notice of, and to intercourse with a large proportion of his fellow citizens. By most of them he was esteemed as a man of quiet and unobtrusive character, and ever ready to perform any service in his power for those who needed it. His intimate friends were greatly attached to him, and numerous instances of a mutual interchange of services between them might be narrated. As a member of several associations, his talents were frequently brought into requisition at their yearly festivals in the preparation of sentiments or other compositions, both in prose and verse. With some of them, scarcely a year passed that did not call forth one or more efforts of his pen. A number of poems delivered on those occasions are not contained in the present collection. They have not come to hand, and therefore are omitted. He most frequently expressed his sentiments in poetry, although there are many of his prose productions in the hands of his friends.

The services of Mr. Soran were at one time required by his fellow citizens in the First Branch of the City Council of Baltimore. In connection with that body he labored on several important committees, and was ever prompt and faithful in the discharge of official duty.

During the last few years of his life, Mr. Soran resided in Washington City, where he died after a brief illness, quite unexpected to his family, by whom his loss will be long felt and deplored. The character of Mr. Soran is readily expressed. He was of the most generous and affable nature—kind, even to a

fault, in the exhibition of his friendship. Notwithstanding the urbanity of his disposition, he was firm to his purpose in the discharge of duty, which he regarded as of higher position and more imperative in its requirements than the demands of either friendship or affection. He has left a large family and numerous friends who will long cherish his memory with affectionate regard.

The following lines were written by the daughter of Mr. Soran, the authoress of the sketch of his life :

IN MEMORY OF FATHER.

TREAD lightly, speak softly, disturb not the rest
Of him who has gone to the home of the blest,
Where the soul, freed from sin, naught but purity brings
To the realms of our Saviour, the King of the kings.

Ye beautiful stars, whose bright rays are shed
O'er the grave of our father who sleeps with the dead,
Dim, dim your bright light, awake not his sleep,
But watchful and wakeful the night vigil keep.

Ye little bright flowers that bloom o'er his head,
Droop not your leaves to mourn for the dead,
But waft to His throne the Saviour's blest word,
Thy will be it done, not mine, mighty Lord.

Ye hearts that are sad and mourn o'er his tomb,
Your friend that was taken from darkness and gloom,
E'er lives with the angels where sorrows ne'er come,
The beautiful Paradise—ever his home.

NELLIE.

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SOMER'S POEMS.

THE PATAPSCO.

My own—my native river,
Thou flashest to the day—
And gatherest up thy waters
In glittering array ;
The spirits of thy bosom
Are waking from their rest,
And O ! their shouts are banishing
Sad feelings from my breast.

Away—away thou boundest ;
Away in glorious pride,
To yon fair city's bosom,
Like a bridegroom to his bride ;
While she holds out her arms, thy glad
Embraces to receive,
And echoeth to yon blue sky
The songs thy waters weave.

O dulcet are those choral waves,
The melodies they sing,
Their music from the waterfall,
And from the bubbling spring;
The soft tones of the embowered brook
Into my senses steal,
And the big waves from ocean
Roll up their organ peal.

They come, those lovely choristers,
From many a crystal home;
Bright pearls from Oman's waters
Are glittering in their foam:
And proudly heaves thy emerald breast
Before the sparkling train,
For gems they bring from every clime,
Those travelers of the main.

How many, many images,
Thy brilliant waters yield;
Thy waves ride up like crested knights,
Returned from battle field;—
Ten thousand gallant knights with spoils,
Brought from the conquered plain,
To lay them at their ladies' feet,
Then gallop back again.

The prancing of thy sun-lit waves
 Beneath the feathery spray,—
How beautiful to witness them
 In revelry and play!
But see! some secret signal now
 Invites them to the main,
And, calm behind, before the wind
 They gallop out again.

Away—away to their bright homes
 Exultingly they leap,
Their joyous glances lingering
 On tower, tree, and steep:
A bright look to their Southern Queen—
 A parting melody—
A shout to yonder banner,
 Guardian angel of the free.

A farewell to the barks they bore
 Back to their native home,—
A glance at the declining sun,
 Which gilds their parting foam,—
A song to yon “historic ground,”
 Where freedom’s martyrs sleep;—
And now those lovely wanderers
 Are out upon the deep.

For stories of the ocean, which
To beauty's queen they gave,
They bear away her lovely smiles,
The blessings of her brave;
Who love them that they ne'er have bowed
Before the oppressor's rod:
And own like them no ruler,
No master but their God.

I stand upon my native hill,
And see my native river
Roll proudly 'neath the brightest sky
That blessed my vision ever.
I have felt the poet-hallowed scenes,
Where distant waters roam,
But ah! earth has no heaven like that
Which circles thee, my home!

Here did I launch my fearless bark,
A plank with 'kerchief sail,
An infant navigator
Yon distant shores to hail;
And many a glad discovery
My boyish vision blest,
With joy akin to that which thrilled
The great world-finder's breast.

And there rolls up thy channel,
The same as when it bore
My father from a tyrant land
To freedom's happy shore ;
When danced thy waves, and his freed heart
Up with thy spirits sprung—
But now thou singest his requiem,
Who then his welcome sung.

Bold river,—noble river !
How many tales thou hast !—
Though of all the savage legends
Which lie within thy breast,
Alas ! there is no trace that can
Their annals e'er proclaim,
Save *one* which is thy history
And monument—thy NAME.

But yet thou art not storyless,
For on thy open page,
The tale of freedom's triumph
Thou wilt bear from age to age ;
The terrors of that fiery night
Upon thy bosom flamed,
And the joyous shout of victory
Thy morning voice proclaimed.

For ever thus, proud river !
Thy glorious memories be ;
Thou minstrel, mirror, record
Of the glories of the free ;
A joy to freedom's eye, a grave
To freedom's foes thy waters,
Thy spirit like our fearless sons—
Thy calm our peerless daughters.

So soft, so clear, so beautiful,
That even the clouds we see,
So lovely in their native blue,
More lovely are in thee ;
For with affection's holiest smile
The heavens illumine thy tide,
Thou glory of thy happy sons,
Their blessing and their pride !

Farewell ! thy bright companion
Purples the glowing west,
And evening with her fairy train
Comes out upon thy breast.
Thy beauties rise as *he* declines,
Gilding with heavenly ray
More lovely thy expiring hour,
Than was thy glorious day.

For O! as sinks behind the hills
The sun which gilt thy charms,
The evening sky in glory fills
Thy breast with brighter forms,—
Then while the glorious things of heaven
Within thy heart do dwell,
My loved, my bright, my native stream,
In rapture's tears—farewell.

Thus, when *my* day of life declines,
And earth's surrounding charms
Fade from my view, may heaven light up
My passage to its arms;
And love in memory's mirror see
Something of heaven appear,
And friendship, with more joy than grief,
Burst with the parting tear.

ADDRESS TO BALTIMORE.

HOME of my childhood's happy May!

Whence charmless visions mock mine eyes,
I lift my thoughts on memory's ray
Back to my native skies;
And pouring out my heart's full cup
Of love, to whom that love is due,
I call thy scenes of beauty up,
Which warm to memory's view.

The hill—the school—the Sabbath bell
That turned my opening heart above—
Surely our soaring minds may swell
O'er scenes which all may love!
Scenes which so bind the raptured breast
In memory's strong, but flowery fold,
They may be seen, be felt, be blest,—
They never can be told.

In thought by many a path I tread,
Where youth has roved with raptured eye,
But thou whose daily wanderings lead
Beside, pass idly by;

Thou knowest not all the charms that bloom
 Around thee, until other skies
Teach thee that beauties dwell at home,
 Absence alone can prize.

Yon stream that flows in music by,
 Whose tones the rocks and hills prolong,
Is worshiped by as bright a sky,
 Tree, flower, and wild bird's song,
As these the traveler's eye beholds,
 And breathes a charm not found away,
Which kindles in your bosom-folds
 Joys of a holier ray.

O! childhood's haunts, still brightly glow!
 Neglected Falls, your voices raise,
And still like some lone beauty go
 Unnoticed, without praise.
Flow on! your charms may yet command
 Some worthier lyre's enkindled flame,
Whose strain thy minstrelsy will hand
 Aloft to classic fame.

Go tread yon green and glorious hill,
 And cast thine eye adown the bay!
O! who could gaze nor feel a thrill
 Through the glad pulses play?

Before thee spreads Patapsco's tide,
The rival of the dazzling sky,
And on its waves, in swan-like pride,
The barks move stately by.

An emerald ring surrounds the space,
Where the clear waters lie within,
Holding to heaven their mirror face
For sun and cloud to worship in.
And far below, where distance blends,
Like love, the sky and bay together,
Gleams many a swelling sail that bends
Its bosom to the joyous weather.

Where yesterday the swift canoe
Glided upon the crystal tide,
And rung the Indian's wild halloo,
A thousand proud ships ride,
Freighted with wealth from every land
That blooms beneath the outspread skies,—
The magic work of freedom's hand,
And freemen's enterprise.

And see that banner of our sires
Above McHenry's bulwarks wave,
Where once it lit with holy fires
To victory, freedom's brave.

In adamant that standard's fixed,
Till light to darkness shall be hurled—
Its stars with those of heaven be mixed,
The beacon of the world.

O Armistead! nursed by freedom's dame
To lead her sons to glory's shrine,
Why speak thy much loved banner's name
Without a thought of thine?
Long as Patapsco's waves shall roll
Around the walls thy valor manned,
Or floats aloft yon eagle scroll,
Thy hallowed name shall stand.

I turn me to the city's space,
And dwell upon her sun-lit domes,
Her architectural charms, and trace
Her halls and happy homes;
Her links of usefulness and gain,
Her commerce, spreading with the sun,
And arts!—a never-ending chain,
Bind field, mart, wave, in one.

Science there *moles* her devious way,
While light succeeds the enriching toil;
There learning gives, with smiling ray,
Thy sons a priceless spoil,

O! land of honor—beauty—health,
And hospitality's abode,
Still be thy noble march to wealth,
Through glory's cloudless road!

And may those cenotaphs which claim
A memory of thy gratitude,
Direct as lights to virtuous fame,
Thy people, brave and good;
And teach them as those piles were reared
To mark the patriot's deathless name,
Skyward, as they, our thoughts be steered,
Partakers of their fame.

Home of my childhood's happy May!
While 'mid strange scenes that mock mine
eyes,
I lift my lingering thoughts away
Back to my native skies;
And pouring out my heart's full cup
Of love, to whom that love is due,
I call thy scenes of beauty up,
Which warm to memory's view.

PHILADELPHIA, September 12, 1833.

TO THE WYALUSING.

ONE OF THE THOUSAND SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

LET virtuous Cowper sing his Ouse,
And Burns his flowery winding Ayre,
Bright mountain stream, my humble muse
Shall be thy poet—thou its care;
And though *my* strain may fleet away,
Like leaves upon thy passing tide,
And sink unnoticed in that sea
Where nobler songs alone may ride:
Thy strains will flow rejoicingly—
No Lethean power can smother thee.

'Tis winter, but his icy chain
Is loosened from the rock; the tree,
Though shorn, in smiles revives again,
And spreads its arms imploringly;—
It seems that summer has looked down
Upon the earth, to see if all
It left had 'scaped the reckless frown
Of Winter and destroying Fall,—
Thou, Wyalusing, boundest gay,
Exulting in the joyous day.

The crusts that lately marred thy course
Like sin upon the human soul,
Now touched by heaven's effective force,
Melt, and thou movest to thy goal,—
Ay! with the joy the freed soul knows,
Thou from thy glittering chains dost bound,
And gladly as thy spirit flows,
Shed'st life and hope on all around—
And from thy breast a holy prayer
Rises upon the balmy air.

Now o'er yon hills in "sylvan war,"
The chopper's echoing axe I hear,
The restless saw-mill, from afar,
Unceasing plays upon my ear;
The blue-jay chirps upon the tree,
And there the agile squirrel leaps,
And skimming proud, the "grey goose" see,
Tumbling and diving in thy deeps,—
There's life! there's life! tho' summer's gone;
Bright stream, we are not quite alone.

And hark!—the hunter and his hounds—
What stirs yon thicket?—'tis a fawn:
She leaps in thy dividing bounds,
Escapes, fear-driven leaves the lawn,

And safety seeks in yon beach shade—
The scent is lost—the huntsmen rave,
And rave they shall, ere bard shall aid
Or guide them. Noble creek, to save
From murderous sport and tyrant blow,
Thou wouldst have all as free as thou.

While glory wreathes the mountain's ridge,
Day's tireless traveler sinks behind—
I stand upon a rustic bridge,
And gaze below with pensive mind ;
The sun-gilt clouds clear on thy bed
Reflected from their heavenly dome,
Those distant objects near me spread,
Remind me of my distant home ;
And fancy, of affection born,
Transforms the clouds to those I mourn.

I feel my heart is as thy stream,
Far friends those clouds reflecting there,
Which, while bound to thy bed they seem,
Dwell over thee in the midway air,—
The mirror of my bosom, bright
Acknowledges the glowing gaze
Of friends bent o'er me, as the light
And dark clouds o'er thy glassy face ;
Whose looks more beauteous on me come,
Reflected from that heaven—*home*.

Pure stream! thy source is 'mong the hills
And mountains, clasping rock and tree,
Where fleet deer roves, and wild bird fills
Thy stalwart sides with nature's glee;
O! as thou boundest by my side,
With eagle speed and majesty,
I feel, proud stream, thou didst imbibe
Thy spirit song of liberty
From 'mong those heights where thou didst
roam;
Fair freedom's cradle and her home.

Flow on, for ever flow thy tides!
Thy smiles are cheering herb and tree;
The dying grass upon thy sides
Lifts its bowed head and blesses thee,—
Bright be thy course! the ocean wide
May clasp thy charms,—there spread, diffuse
Thy spirit and thy mountain pride,
Through distant lands where slavery sues
In tyrant chains, and bid him drink
Thy waters free, and rive each link.

Heart of the mountains, fare thee well!
Fate drives me from thy lovely scene;
And long ere spring's enchanting spell
Gives thee thy glorious garb of green,

On other hills, by other streams,
My wandering feet with grief may press;
But love will turn on thought's bright beams,
And trace thy blooming loveliness;
My heart, through life, twin streams shall
share,
And thine will make sweet music there.

THAT GLORIOUS DAY.

O! why peal yon bells from the temple's bright dome,
That wake the glad morn with their pæans on high;
And why the wild roar of the cannon and drum,
And shout of the multitude rending the sky?
'Tis Liberty's shout!—'tis freemen's glad greeting,
Again to the day that gave birth to a world;
That all-hallowed day, when the tyrant, retreating,
Shrunk back from the light of our young flag unfurl'd
The cannon, the shout, and the music's glad play,
But echo the voice of that glorious day!

O! why do your orators' bosoms to-day
Glow brighter and purer with eloquent fire;
And why do your people more fervently pray,
And why do the breasts of your soldiers beat higher?
O! know you 'tis gratitude's throb that engages,
For liberty's blessings, encircling us here—
'Tis a voice from the past, of our warriors and sages;
Our prayers to that God who has ever been near.
And our souls, as they blend in their heavenward way,
But echo the voice of that glorious day!

And see you yon fairy thing folding the storm,
 Her brow lit with stars of the beautiful night;
 The rainbow has mirrored itself in her form,
 And pure as the sun is her bosom of light.
 Yon flag with the eagle-eye over her glancing,
 O! that is the terror of liberty's foe;
 And every free heart in her glory advancing,
 Proclaims her the patriot's heaven below;
 The scream of her eagle, and bosom's free play,
 But tell of the deeds of that glorious day.

My soul's wrapped in awe! See yon patriarch sage—
 He bears in his hand a rich, charactered scroll;
 And hear you the accents that flow from its page?
 An angel is singing the sound in my soul!
 It tells of a people who freedom adored,
 Who suffered and sued in the lowliest plea,
 But, met by the frown of a tyrant abhorred,
 They rose in their might and resolved to be free.
 Ah! well may your soul from its bounds burst away,
 For that is the voice of that glorious day.

The voice of that day! does it thrill in your veins,
 Enrapture your soul with a hallowed delight?
 O God! in all lands where dark tyranny reigns
 May it peal and dispel the soul's heavenless night;
 Like a blessing from thee, may it breathe o'er the world;
 As a precept of thine, may it move like thy will;

Be sceptres and kings from their "high places" hurled,
-Unwearied its spirit and power, until
Every heart on God's footstool acknowledge its sway,
And echoes the voice of that glorious day!

OUR MADISON'S DEAD.

Written on occasion of the funeral honors given to the memory of
Madison by the mechanics of Baltimore, Aug. 25, 1836.

PROCLAIM it, ye brave,
From the east to the west;
We have borne to his slumber
Our wisest and best.
A light has departed,
Our beacon for years,
And left us, a nation,
In darkness and tears.

But that gloom o'er our bosoms
Will not linger long,
And the tear will give place
To the patriot song;
For Madison's name,
Like our banner unfurled,
Will now fling its glories
Abroad to the world.

A name to the scroll
Of the names that we love;
A soul to the circle
Of sages above;

A star in that banner
The breeze never bore,
Which floats in the temple
Where freemen adore.

O! bright was his morning,
His noon and his close;
His life knew no *night*,
But the night of our foes!
In the day of our troubles,
The hope of each breast;
Our pilot in storms,
And our haven of rest.

Our eagle mourns over
The patriot's grave,
And emblems the grief
Of the free and the brave;
And the couch of the sleeper
Is holy with prayer,
For the hearts of the people
Are gathering there.

Sad, slow was the march
Of the funeral train,
And gloomy the banners,
And mournful the strain;

And silent and solemn
That multitude moved—
The homage of freemen
To one whom they loved !

O ! thus be for ever
Our feelings outpoured
To him who is worthy
The patriot's reward ;
In that nation which rises
Such men to revere,
O ! who can disunion
Or slavery fear ?

TEXAN BATTLE SONG.

ARM for the Texan battle,
Sons of the brave and free!
Away, and win a soldier's grave,
Or a glorious victory;
Cries of your murdered brothers,
On the red Alamo slain,
Are pealing in your hearts for aid,
And shall they call in vain?
Then arm for the Texan battle, &c.

In the ranks of freedom's fight
The soldier's post should be,
Where men who burst oppression's chains
Are battling to be free;
His bright plume waving high,
In the midst of the conflict's strife;
His frown should quell the tyrant's rage,
And his sabre drink his life.
Then arm for the Texan battle, &c.

Say, how should the soldier die—
On the pillow's soft repose?
O! no—with his bright shield 'neath his head
In the battle's glorious close;

The tyrant's flag at his feet,—
The skies with "*victory*" riven—
He smiles adieu to his comrades brave,
And his spirit soars to heaven.
Then arm for the Texan battle,
Sons of the brave and free,
Away! and win a soldier's grave
Or a glorious victory!

MY FATHER.

I REMEMBER, well remember
When my father died—
When my mother called me from my play
And laid me at his side;
His face was pale, as pale could be,
And calm that wrinkled brow;
Those eyes that late looked bright on me,
Glared dimly on me now.

He took me in his feeble arms
And pressed me to his cheek,
And then he moved his trembling lips
And thrice essayed to speak;
He could not speak!—then came the sigh,
And on my cheek the tear,
For death had drunk that blessing up
Before it reached mine ear.

But oh! that smile—I see it yet!—
The kindly look he gave,
And that last kiss and fond embrace—
They hide not in the grave,

For they are now as bright to me
As ere his spirit fled—
They've shaped my thoughts to saddest
things,
They die not with the dead !

And then my mother looked so pale,
I thought she too would die,
And leave me here—a lonely one,
Bereft of every joy ;
For God is good to little ones,—
For by his mighty will
My mother lived—with precepts pure,
My bosom to instil ;
O ! may my heart those lessons keep,
A mother's love has taught,
And live within its inmost core
And dwell in every thought.

They laid him in the cold deep grave,
I heard the holy prayer,
Which woke my heart's affection fresh,
And mingled sadly there ;
But recollection knows naught else,
For by some hidden power,
My grief did wash from memory's rock
The doings of that hour.

His grave is humble as he was,
O'ergrown with grass and weeds,
No sculptured marble blazons forth
His virtues or his deeds—
But memory in my heart has built
A monument of love,
Which time itself shall not destroy,
Nor earthly power move.

THE AFFLICTED .

THE sad forms of the afflicted,
They gather in my breast,
The lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb,
The sick and the opprest :
A thousand broken voices ring
Their sorrows in my ears,
And feeling's fount is opening
A gushing flood of tears.

Yon crippled brother's helplessness
Pleads with the voiceless there,
The slave whom sounds of joy ne'er blest,
Joins in the deaf one's prayer ;
The sightless mortal pines for light,
And faint the sick voice steals,—
Ruins of poor mortality,
How piteous your appeals !

The maniac's wild ravings tell
Of terrible distress,
While breaks Ophelia's plaintive voice
In tones of wretchedness.

Lone wrecks upon life's ocean they,
Tossed by the fretful wave,
No helm to guide, no star to lead,
No haven but the grave.

Spring bursts from her green world, her
streams
Flow musically by,
And voices from her hills and vales
Hymn to the happy sky.
Birds sing their bosom notes, and beasts
Leap, by the bright sun warmed,
But nature has no melody
For those she has deformed.

Their haunt is by the wintry hill,
Or by the herbless field;
Or where the unkind garden fails
Its bosom's wealth to yield.
The limbless tree—the tuneless bird,
(Breathing its broken tones)
Companions are in loneliness
For earth's afflicted ones.

Yon sun in glory rises, shines
And sets on human woe,
And 'neath the melancholy moon
Affliction's wailings flow;

Up from the hovel and the hall
Rises the sorrowing prayer,—
The afflicted, the afflicted!
Oh—they are every where.

Poor sufferers of a selfish world,
Where shall ye look for rest?
Oh! seek ye not for fellowship
In man's unfeeling breast,
Where interest is the helm and hope,
And brotherhood a name
For ostentation's lips to breathe,
Without the sacred flame!

Then, God! be theirs the glorious gift
Of thy unbounded love;
Though maimed and broken-hearted here,
Receive them *whole* above!
And let *our* hearts be pained henceforth
Only by others' woe,
Our sighs burst for our brother's griefs,
Tears for the afflicted flow.

LINES,

ON A PICTURE OF A COTTAGE DOOR,

BY GAINSBOROUGH, R. A.

THOU of the art supreme,
Didst ever think, didst ever dream,
The "Cottage Door," whilst painting,
That I would touch with thought of mine,
The offspring of a mind like thine?
Perhaps its beauties tainting.

Forgive the brain-presumptuous wight—
I claim the bard's acknowledged right,
And rhyme to what I choose;
The world's my music-book, and I
May word its tunes, or pass them by,
Just as inclines my muse.

Picture of joy, sweet Cottage Door!
Of my first home, bright miniature!
With sweetly-tempting ray,
Back to the innocence of yore,
Back to the spot I'll see no more,
Thou winnest me away.

I've gazed upon thee till the tears,
Thawed by the suns of other years
Warm shining through the past,
Have broken their care-bound streams and
sprung
To my eyelids up, reviving the young
Pleasures by time o'ercast.

That group of children on the green,
The mother with the look serene,
Unwrinkled yet her brow—
Ay! thus I've ta'en my evening meal,
My prayers to say, beside her kneel—
I cannot pray so now.

And when our little offerings said,
The kiss gone round, we'd haste to bed
And sleep as angels do;
Then rise with the sun and over play
The same young joys of yesterday,
Joys that were ever new.

But this was bliss too pure to last;
Such joy the portions small we taste,
God's wisdom here we spy;
For if we'd so much heaven at home,
We would not long for heaven to come,
And then—how hard to die!

I bid my heart go back, retrace
The joy-spots time can ne'er efface,
Which star its inmost core ;
I ask its answer to my call,
Which of the joys among them all
Does memory love the more ?

My infant home, my early joys,
And Cottage Door, my heart replies,
Glow brighter, faster cling,
Than all the other joys that gleam
Around their hearth-illumined beam,
Or from their memories spring.

Then thou, my youth's fair counterpart,
Pure transfer from the Raphael heart,
That woke thy glowing truth,
Whene'er I think of childhood's hours,
Thou shalt be linked with those sweet flowers
That age entwines with youth.

TO MY WIFE.

DEAR, loved and loving Emme,
On thy fine, though care-marked face
Dwells that heart look of affection,
Which young love joyed to trace;
For time has blent no sorrow in
Thy countenance's ray,
Which love dare not endear above
All charms it took away.

O! what were heartless beauty,
But a sky without a heaven;
A fading, fairy veil, where hearts
That trust are chilled or riven?
But such was not thy fickle charm;
That winning grace of thine
Was but the light thy pure heart gave,
Its almost perfect shrine.

O! wife, come wander back with me
To courtship's budding bowers,
Ere altar-pledge had linked our loves
To wedlock's thorns and flowers,—
Again thy hand's in mine, thine eyes
Sweet confidence impart,
Thy lips, a cupid's bow, in smiles
Twang arrows through my heart.

My arm is circling round thee,
My lips approach their bliss,
While crimsoned cheeks and moistened eyes
Tell youth's first heart-born kiss.
O! Love, tho' weak, and blind, and dumb,
Thou raptarest every sense,—
We cannot hear, nor speak, but feel
This moment's eloquence.

But what is this upon my knee?
Its fingers on me prest,
Sweet voices thrill my soul, that none
But wedded hearts are blest;
While "*Father!*" parts those little lips,
Fond eyes exert their power—
O! who would give those wedded joys,
For courtship's rosiest hour!

My Emme! do heart waters fill
The channels of thy cheek?
Why droops thy head upon my breast?
Art powerless to speak?
Then weep, and mingled with mine own,
One bosom's stream shall flow,
And teach us that such moments, dear,
Are happiest below.

But little knows the lonely heart
The bliss of wedded love,
For even serpent ills it robs
Of power to sting or move;
The sorrows that invade us here
Unitedly we stem;
But ah! when griefs the lonely dare,
What breast shall comfort them?

Like a poem in two volumes, love,
A "Paradise regained,"
Our hearts are blended in one song,
And shall be to the end.
O! may no discord ever mar
Their melody below,
And like the poet's sweetest strains
May theirs for ever flow.

M A R Y .

Poets have sung of music's power,
And boast its reign o'er every creature ;
Soft soother of the lonely hour,
The charm of life, of love, of nature :
The savage eye it gently floats,
The mild breast melts of babe or fairy,
But music's power, though dear its notes,
Ne'er charm me like the name of Mary.

Soft birds sing sweetly in the trees,
The trees make music melancholy,
And flowers a language have that please,
A laughing language, sweet and holy ;
The winds sigh softly 'mid the bowers,
Where mock-birds' tones so sweetly vary ;
But song of birds, of winds or flowers,
Ne'er charm me like the name of Mary.

I gaze upon the bright blue sky,
The bright blue sky, a heavenly blossom,
But though its splendor charms the eye,
And wakes the gladness of the bosom,
We know its beauties fickle are,
Beneath the storm of clouds that vary—,
But where's the storm or cloud that dare
Invade my bosom's love of Mary !

The earth's sounds various are and sweet,
The sky and air breathe music o'er us,
Old ocean's mighty minstrels greet
The sky and air in mingled chorus;
I bend me to the deep control
Of nature's songs, which never weary,
But ah! they never reach the soul,
As does the lovely name of Mary.

The gentle name, the soft sweet name,
A Saviour's parent owned no other!—
He loved in youth and age to claim
That gentle name, and call it—Mother!
Mother of Him!—Oh where's the soul,
All worldly music would not weary,
When taught the sweet, the soft control,
Which reigns in the sweet name of Mary.

LINES TO A SISTER OF CHARITY.

WRITTEN ON ST. AGNES' DAY.

SPIRIT of the sainted maid,
 Hover 'round the path of her
Who, in thy pure name arrayed,
 Is thy virtues' worshiper ;
Keep her in the holy way
 She hath taken here below—
As an angel guarded thee,
 Guard her, thou, from every woe.

Lover of that spouse divine,
 By thee alone on earth adored,
May those beauties in her shine,
 Which below were thy reward.
In the Saviour's blessed wounds
 Let her find a dwelling pure,
Build a temple in his heart,
 Temple holy and secure.

From her childhood she hath loved
 JESUS with a holy love ;
May her constancy, approved,
 Win a bright reward above.

She is poor, but rich in faith ;
- Weak, but strong in love to thee ;
Humble, but in virtue proud,
Triumphing in charity.

Leading here a life of love,
In the path the saints have trod,
She hath given up her all
To the service of her God.
Many, by her counsel led,
Kneel before the Saviour's throne ;
Many bless her in this world
For the good that she has done.

Then, sweet Agnes, hear my prayer !
As the angel guarded thee,
Dwell thy spirit ever near,
And her guardian angel be ;
Lead her through life's troubled sea,
Triumphing o'er every sin,
That her bright reward may be
Thy blessed company to win.

TO STANCH.

MAIDEN! thou of gentle form,
In thine eye a mischief dwells,
Slyly blending with the warm
Soul, which from thy bosom swells;
Darting from the dimpled cells,
About thy lips of many wiles;
Enchanting like the magic spells
Love weaves in her sweetest smiles.
And though thy heart the virtues prize,
And love and gentleness are given,
And angel thoughts gaze on thine eyes,
As saints look up to heaven;
Yet still! oh still that witching look,
Word and action, tell the strain,
Lady, thou art mischief's book,
Men and girls may read it plain.
But in thine eye though mischief's lore
Shineth, still its loveliness
Only makes us love thee more,—
Maiden of the gentle form,
Mischief-eyed, and bosom warm,
Who could love thee less?

SHE CANNOT DISOBEY.

SHE ne'er can be my wife I know,
Though love in mutual flame
Unite us, and our feelings flow
Our bosoms through the same;
For ah! a mother's powerful right
Directs another way,
And *he's* the mother's favorite—
She cannot disobey!

She cannot disobey, oh no!
That mother's cold desire,
She cannot stay affection's flow
Though happiness expire.
Mistaken, though that mother's love
Her gentler feelings sway,
For joy below like that above,
She could not disobey!

I cannot ask that she were less
Obedient to that one,
I cannot ask that she would bless
Me, selfish thought, alone.
A daughter to her mother's rule
Assent must give alway,
And she, my love, is dutiful—
She cannot disobey!

Then what is left for this lone breast—

Self shall not rule its throne;

Then shall my crippled spirit rest,

She shall be his alone!

His! and oh! when in holy hour

Her pure thoughts backward stray,

May she not blame that mother's power

She could not disobey.

BEAUTEOUS WOMAN.

I LOVE to see the deep blue sky
At summer eve with white clouds rolled,
When through the trees the soft winds sigh,
And trees and clouds are tinged with gold;
When day gives night his parting kiss,
And birds their sheltered coverts seek :
But dearer far for me to gaze,
On beauteous woman's cheek !

I love to see the moon-lit sky,
When the sun's golden wings are furled,
And watch the twinkling stars upon
That spangled banner of the world.
O yes! I dearly love that sight,
My country's emblems there I trace,
But dearer still to me the light
That shines in beauteous woman's face.

The sea may boast its treasures rare,
The earth its gems in many a mine,
But naught with woman can compare,
When graced with beauty's charms divine ;
And if the heart's with virtue fraught,
And pure affection there we trace,
O! who would wish to gaze on aught
More beautiful than woman's face ?

TO A L A D Y .

THERE'S music sweeter far than that
Produced by harp or light guitar,
Or warblings of that aerial tribe,
Whose songs like angels' soft notes are ;
'Tis the sweet music of the soul,
That's tuned to love's enrapturing strains,
Where virtue wakes its dulcet tones,
And innocence supremely reigns.

There are brighter gems than those that shine
Upon a princely diadem,
Or treasures in Peruvian mine,
Or glitterings on the sparry stem ;
'Tis the rich jewel of the heart,
That's set within affection's ring,
With amiability conjoined,
And pity, tear-eyed, sorrowing.

The gems—the music's thine, fair girl,
Which nature, kind to thee, hath brought ;
I need not bid thee cherish them,
They live within thy every thought.
O may the gems for ever shine
Within thy pure and spotless breast ;
Thy heart still wake its songs divine,
And cheer thee till thy final rest.

M E D O R A .

Suggested whilst in the chamber of the statue of Medora, the beautiful creation of Byron and Greenough, in possession of Robert Gilmore, Esq. of Baltimore.

Oh ! gently, my harp, let thy melody flow,
Where the form of the fairest of earth is laid low ;
As the sigh that escaped when her soul fled away,
Be the spirit that moans in thy murmuring lay.

She had watched for his coming, but fate had denied,
And hope in her bosom fell, fluttered and died ;
And smilingly, softly, her pure spirit fled,
“ For with nothing to love, she had nothing to dread.”

The beatings have ceased in that bosom so meek,
But the sorrowing smile lingers still on her cheek ;
And life seems to stir those sweet lips with its breath,
While the living look on with the quiet of death.

Medora ! Medora ! awake from thy sleep,
The barque of thy lover bounds over the deep ;
He has breasted the surges, he leaps on the shore,
He will fly to those arms that can clasp him no more.

The heart that ne’er shrunk from the enemy’s spear,
Now beats ’gainst his breast with a throbbing, like fear,
For he marks not the signal that gladdened his sight,
Ere death over thine had “ exerted its might.”

In a moment he'll bound to thy hallowed retreat,
But the tortures of years in that moment will meet ;
He will knock at the portal and tremblingly start,
For fear shall reply to the voice of his heart.

He will rush to the couch, but that shock can he bear ?
The bride of the Corsair lies withering there !
Torn away from his arms the lone thing he could love,
And hopeless his future, below and above.

Oh ! his poor shattered heart a gloom will hang o'er,
Like the curse which the exiled of heaven endure !
In his bosom will writhe the dark serpent of care,
And memory will link every thought with despair !

But, gently, my harp, let thy melody flow,
Where the form of the fairest of earth is laid low ;
As the sigh that escaped when her soul fled away,
Be the spirit that moans in thy murmuring lay.

ERIN.

I LOVE the land of Erin !

It is ocean's emerald throne—
Oft in my dreams appearing
More lovely than my own ;
Its green and lofty mountains,
Its blushing valleys through,
Its streams, pellucid fountains,
And sky of clearest blue :
For O ! that Isle of Beauty,
It gave my father birth ;
And I love it as a duty,
As the fairest of the earth.

I love the sons of Erin !

The noble and the brave ;
Their bosoms only fearing
To fill a coward's grave ;
Their hearts to each vibration
Of honor's chords attuned ;
Quick to repel invasion,
And slow a friend to wound :
Their intellectual glory
A joy to me imparts ;
O ! I love them and their story,
In my very heart of hearts.

I love the maids of Erin ;
The rose is not more fair—
The dove not more endearing
Than the maids of Erin are ;
I love them that their bosoms
With virtue are imbued—
The lily as it blossoms,
Is their heart's similitude :
My voice in transport falters
'Neath a heavenly control,
For the thought of Erin's daughters
Wakes to love my raptured soul.

Long may the land of Erin
Blend its emerald with her skies,
Her hills and valleys cheering
All bosoms and all eyes :
Her sons their lofty station
Still keep before the world ;
And the oppressors of their nation
Down from their thrones be hurled ;
Her daughters so endearing,
Then rise her sons to bless,
And make the land of Erin
A land of happiness.

TO E M E L I N E .

TEXT FROM MOORE.

HAS sorrow thy young heart clouded?—

Dost weep o'er the past, and dost find
That the hopes thou hast nourished are shrouded
In grief's darkened grave of the mind?

Oh! if by that plague thou art haunted,
And sympathy, warm and sincere,
Thou find'st in thy woes there is wanted,
I'll weep with thee—tear for tear.

Does pleasure her loveliest flowers

Strew over thy pathway of green?
And look'st thou through memory's bowers
With hopes realized, on the scene?

O! if from joy's cup thou art drinking
Its nectarine draughts, and the while
My company ask, I am thinking
I'd smile with thee—smile for smile.

BYRON.

WE sat down and wept for thy sorrow,
Oh Byron, and thought of the grief
High hearts of a thoughtless world borrow,
Touch-pained like the sensitive leaf—
That thy span of to-day and to-morrow
Was darkened, though brilliant and brief.

WE would think that thy life, like a river,
Had mirrored the sun of thy mind,
And, not like that stream, give for ever
Its spirit to each idle wind,—
That a passion thy calm could not sever,
But mind be the king, not the hind.

BUT we know e'en the sun is oft shaded,
The mighty oak, breeze-stirred, is curled ;
The high mountain-top, granite-bedded,
Is lost when the clouds are unfurled ;
And thus thy great mind was invaded
By the clouds and the winds of the world.

S T A N Z A S .

AWAY! I cannot love thee now,
My heart could never twine
Round one whose every homage bow
Is made at beauty's shrine.

I cannot love the thoughtless heart
That's locked to feeling's sigh,
Unless it breaks through beauty's lips,
Or speaks in beauty's eye.

The silken cords that bound my love
Are broken—I am free!
And now I wonder that my heart
E'er dreamed of loving thee.

Give thy young love to him with brow
And form in beauty drest;
Thou'lt find the heart less faithful there
Than that within my breast.

But go thy way—I care not where!
I ask not love like thine;
The heart alone to beauty turned,
Can wake no thought of mine.

EMILY.

OH! melancholy, death's pale daughter,
Fell blighter of life's flowery grove,
I pray thee, pour not thy dark water
Upon the joys of her I love;
I know and feel thy power, sadness,
And from thy realms I cannot flee,—
But tho' I'm doomed, touch not the gladness
Of the young heart of Emily.

'Tis said the heart that feels thy breaker,
Is schooled for endless joys above;
O! she's as pure as tears could make her,
School not the heart of her I love;
She is a flower sweetly blooming,
A rose of love on life's dark tree;
Though roses bloom but for consuming,
Spare my young flower, Emily.

And speed away to thy gloomy dwelling
Down where thy sorrowing spirits rove,—
Hie to thy caverns, come not swelling
With grief the heart of her I love.
Preserving powers, hover around her,
Shield her from pangs that torture me;
Kind, guardians, keep her as ye found her,
The pure, the gentle Emily.

LITTLE MARY.

LITTLE MARY, let me borrow
Smiles from thee to cure my sorrow :
When I'm pained, perplexed or weary,
Then I turn to little Mary.
See her laughing o'er the place,
Beauty gladdening o'er her face;
Peeping here and there away,
Like a meteor at play.
Who could hear that gleeful roar,
Mark thee bounding o'er the floor—
Drink thine innocence and see
Thee happy, yet not happy be?
Antidote to bosom weary
Is my bright-eyed little Mary.

The poetess, whose knell yet rings
O'er our bosom's broken strings,
In her "dream of all things free,"
Little Mary, dreamed of thee,
Flashing in her vision's ray,
"Amidst the fawns and flowers at play."
Bright her sky of fame doth shine,
Peopled by such forms as thine;
Lovelier they than poet's wand
Charmeth from his fairy-land;

For the sky of happy youth
Is a living heaven of truth—
Bright with many an angel-fairy,
Like thyself, my little Mary.

Statesman ! who in party's storm,
Seeks for freedom's simple form—
Here's the infant Liberty,
Kneel to her and like her be.
Man ! who happiness doth crave,
Toils for a deluded slave—
Turn thee from thy hopeless track,
To truth and innocence go back ;
For as farther thou dost stray
From thine innocence away,
Wanderest thou from happiness,
And from the quiet joys that bless
The simple heart that never toils
For that which, *sought for*, always foils.

ADDRESS FOR THE WILLIS BENEFIT.

Written at the request of the Committee, and spoken by Mrs. Willis, at the American Theatre, Front st., on the occasion of her benefit, November 11, 1835.

FRIENDS! I have heard,—so a sage poet says,
In times gone by, not in these generous days,—
Of one who asked his master's leave to spend
A social hour of comfort with a friend.
“*Friend!*” quoth the master, starting in affright;
“Yes, John, and I myself will see that sight,—
Get me my hat—saddle my fleetest gray;
Hasten, good John, or *it* may fly away;
Let but that rarest thing on earth appear,
And bless my eyes, and it shall be my heir!”

Look, ye who like that soulless cynic deems
Friendship a fancy of our waking dreams;
Behold! deluded doubters, and *here* trace
That angel smiling in each generous face;
The rich man willed his wealth *one* friend to see;
How am I blest, when *thousands* circle me?
A *woman* suffers, sues, and toiling, grieves,
You bless her with your friendship, and she lives.

Humble, unworthy, why am I thus blest,
Loved by the virtuous, and by them caressed?
Is it because mine's the poor player's part,
To gild the face when gloom is on the heart;

Chase from *your* breasts the serpents which there coil,
And wear himself away, that *ye* may smile ?
Feel ye the mother's tender task is mine,
To rear my young in virtue's light to shine ;
My girls in the bright paths which ye pursue,
And my bright boys to be brave men like you ?
Or does the friendship that ye bore my sire ,
Kindle your bosoms with this generous fire,
And WARREN's memories in your free hearts piled,
Waken your sympathies for WARREN's child ?

Yes ! in my heart, I feel the truth, sincere ;
These *are* the memories that bring ye here ;
But still, not these alone ; I feel and see
That 'tis your generous natures to be free ;
Yon monumental pile the truth attests,
The emblem of your brave and generous breasts ;
Breasts ! free as the impulses of each hand,
Free as the eagle of our happy land !
Free as the glorious banner that she holds,
Which sheds its heaven on all beneath its folds.

Ne'er can I meet the claims this night endears,
For gratitude has naught but words and tears ;
These to the lip and eye spontaneous start,
But stifled there, they sink into the heart.
Prayers only can my grateful heart relieve,
That gifts be yours whose glory is to give.

That your free, generous breasts may never feel
The actor's woe, but share the actor's weal;
That your loved country to the world may rise,
The loveliest light that glads fair Freedom's eyes;
And her brave banner with its stars enshrined,
Captain the march of LIBERTY and MIND.

A T H O U G H T .

COULD my fond heart be cut in four,
And thrown upon the different winds,
And by a fairy, magic power,
Be borne apart to earth's confines,—
Then give them wings and bid them fly,
Where love and feeling prompts them roam,
True as the needle to the pole,
They'd safely all unite at *Home*

SHE CONQUERS BUT TO LOVE.

'Tis said that beauteous woman is
But vanity and art,
That war and wind doth share with her
Their empire o'er the heart;—
Alike their power and their pride,
Their universal reign,
Their glory over man in thrall,
And triumph in his pain.

But I have never found her thus,
And yet I've dwelt beneath
The influence of her angel heart,
Since my first hour of breath;
If vanity and art were there,
'Twas when to please she strove;
Ah! ye who slander woman thus,
Have never felt her love.

Red war and wine are powers that
The fiends below employ,
And loose o'er earth with murderous strength
To conquer and destroy;
But woman, gentle woman! hath
Her power from above;
And though she prides in conquering,
She conquers but to love.

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

Go forth, go forth, my little book ;
 Call on the young, the old,
And bid them on thy virgin page
 Their thoughts, their tastes unfold.

Go bid the words that friendship prompts
 Glitter upon thy face,
But whisper gently, "write not here
 What thou wouldst e'er erase."

Call on the virtuous and pure,
 A tribute ask sincere ;
But say to the honeyed flatterer,
 Show not your baseness here.

And oh ! with an ardor pure and warm,
 Invite the pious thought,
For, like the heart to religion locked,
 Thy worth would be but naught.

And here let fancy's impress glow,
 The heart to cheer or move,
And moral fiction twine a wreath
 That virtue may approve.

O then return with the offerings
 By love and friendship wrought;
 They'll weave on thy page and in my heart
 A bright FORGET-ME-NOT.

SONNET.

TO LOUISA.

I TURN me from yon glittering ether, where
 My fancy fashioned every star a heart
 Of pure one wafted from this nether air,
 To be a shining pattern, and a chart
 To mortal stars,—I turn me, nothing loth,
 To swap the star-light for thy lovelier eyes,
 And see what move my gazers more than both—
 That fairy mourner o'er thy cap's demise,
 Thy beau-net, neat in pennant, shape and stuff,
 Thy top-most charm, but yet, with all due dread,
 I think thine upper point is sharp enough,
 Without that devil's-needle on thy head:
 And now, young lady, I've immortalized your bonnet,
 And this line makes *fourteen*, and *that's* a SONNET.

THE ALBUM'S PETITION.

DEAR lady or gentleman, ere you proceed
My page to inscribe or my contents to read,
I pray you give ear, a petition I bear,
O handle me lightly, with tenderest care;
O send me not back to my mistress dear,
With a blot on my face, nor a curl on my ear;
With my leaves disordered, or soiled by the mope,
Whose hand is a stranger to water and soap;—
Forgive the expression, 'tis scarcely too rude—
For only just think, if with dirt I'm imbued,
I'll no more be beloved by the pure and the good;
And sure if there's aught in this world we should love,
'Tis the smile of the virtuous—the cherished above.
Then send me not back with a speck on my cheek,
My mistress would scold and be vexed for a week;
O yes! you might see in her sorrowful look,
She'd be angry so long at her innocent book;
And perhaps if I came with too dirty a face
She'd discard me and throw me to shame and disgrace,
No more to be praised by the beau with bright eye,
And never to list to the maiden's soft sigh.
Then think you how sad and distressing my lot,
To be thrown in a corner, neglected, forgot,—
Forgot by those hearts whose bright thoughts I embrace,
Forgot by my mistress—O worse than disgrace,—
And the thoughts that I cherished with pride and with
joy,

The worm and the moth would untimely destroy.
 Then lady and gentleman, list to my prayer,
 O handle me lightly, with tenderest care ;
 O save me from exile, from shame and decay,
 And I your petitioner ever will pray.

YOUR DEVOTED ALBUM.

SONNET.

TO FRANCES.

THE bird has left the bower,
 The stem which bore the short-lived flower
 Droops mournfully ; the ice-king's power
 Pervades our earth's domain,
 And earth's ones crouch below the despot's reign.
 The day-god's smile gives no reviving glow ; [ing,
 While the wild winds from northern chambers blow—
 Marshal their chilly piles of mimic snow ;
 And the cold orb of night is colder growing—
 The stars shine palely in their world of blue,
 Like beauty's eyes when death has dimmed their hue,
 The waters are no more a star-flowered grove—
 Winter invades the glittering shores above,
 And naught terrestrial is warm—but LOVE.

ORIGIN OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A BALLAD.

THE light foot tripped to the soft-toned lute,
 'Mid the feast and cheerful song,
When Albert stole out with his lady-love,
 To rove the woods among.

They wandered down to the river's brink,
 The sky in part was blue
With many a variegated cloud,
 The moon just peeping through.

The blithesome lambs came down to drink ;
 Their day of frolic done,
Each living thing on flower and tree,
 Had ceased its varied tune.

The blue in the sky had deeper sunk,
 And the colored cloud was not there,
And the moon-light leaped on the silvery waves
 As they danced in the young night air.

When the maiden looked across the lake,
 Where she dimly saw, as it grew,
A simple flower, sleeping in light,
 Which the moon seemed proud to woo.

All womankind, be they proud or meek,
In their young or later hour,
Are ever pleased with their emblemed self,
The soft, the beauteous flower.

Fair Alice gazed on the unchristened leaf,
Then turned to the loved one by,—
One look sufficed, for quick he read
Her heart's wish in her eye.

A kiss fell on the maiden's cheek,
A short adieu was pressed,
When the bright wave sparkled, proud to bear
That rich form on its breast.

He parted the wave with a manly arm,
While the moon-light o'er him gleamed,
And he moved along as a line of light;
Like a thing of the deep he seemed.

The shore before him soon drew near,
He sprung on the green bank-side,
And plucked the flower from the moon's embrace,
Then plunged again in the tide.

Oh ! then as though a mortal, weak,
The moon-light trembled there,
Came and went in fitful change,
Then melted into air.

And the jealous thing called in her light,
The dark cloud gathered o'er ;
The thunder wakened in the skies,
And the shells were washed from the shore.

The water-spirit shrieked on the wave,
Awoke from its pearl-bed deep ;
And a voice came up as from the grave,
As the maiden joined in the shriek.

That voice was Albert's, and his form
The lightning flash displayed,
Struggling amid the fearful storm,
Yet he craved not mortal aid.

For he felt within the lady's heart,
Alone her love he shared,
And he knew that if his peril was great,
The greater would be his reward.

Impelled by that absorbing thought,
He strove, but vain the strife,
For the waves came clashing mightily,
And with destruction rife.

Then the maiden prayed a soul-fraught prayer,
Pure as the Jove-stirred wave,
To *Him* who rules the calm and storm,
For *He* alone could save.

But prayer, and strength, and courage failed,
And hope, which clings to the last,
Fast ebbed away from his noble heart,
And he felt that the die was cast.

But again he sees the maiden's form,
And hears her piercing cry,—
Like the electric spark from the surcharged
cloud,
New strength through his weak nerves fly.

And now he struggles near the shore,
But there new dangers face,
For at each advance, the receding waves
Bear him back to his former place.

He grasped at the bank, but strength was gone,
For the waves came, fury wrought,
Then wildly he dashed the flower ashore,
As he cried, "*Forget me not!*"

The maiden rushed as a maniac wild,
And gazed, but sight grew dim;
Oh! the waves rolled fearful as before,
But bore no trace of *him*.

They bore her home with heavy hearts,
And her grief—ah! who could say?
She told her tale—death kissed her cheek,
And she slowly drooped away.

Thus sadly named, that simple flower,
Sweet token of the departed,
It still can awaken many a sigh
In the lone and the broken-hearted.

I HAVE ROVED—I HAVE ROVED.

I HAVE roved—I have roved, as the butterfly roves,
From flower to flower more fair ;
I have loved—I have loved, or I thought it was love,
But I never was sure
That I felt the thing pure,
Till now I am wounded beyond hope of cure,
By charms that might drive to despair,
To despair,
By charms that might drive to despair.

When I gaze—when I gaze on that loved form of thine,
My vision in rapture replies ;
But amaze—sweet amaze fills my soul when I look
On thy lips in repose,
On thy bosom of snows,
Whence love its enrapturing energy throws,
In the conquering glance of thine eyes,
Of thine eyes,
In the conquering glance of thine eyes.

If the face—if the face, and the beautiful form
Of a heavenly angel appear,
I might trace—I *might* trace in that seraphic one
Much more than is seen
In thine eye or thy mien ;

But believe me I'd rather than angel, I ween,
Have thee *for a wife*, my sweet dear,
My sweet dear,
Have thee for a wife, my sweet dear.

L I N E S ,

Written in an Album whose leaves were of various colors.

THOSE many-tinted leaves are like
The rainbow's varied glow ;
The seal of friendship from above
With suffering man below ;
O may the heart's warm offerings
Traced here, like *His*, prove true,
And be a covenant of love
Between thy friends and you.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

AH! dearest, dry those tears away,
Which stain thy fading cheek;
Free thy sweet lips from sorrow's sway,
And words of comfort speak:
Banish the past, and with me vow
Our sorrows to forget;
And be hope's star our pilot now—
We may be happy yet.

The care, believe me, that enshrouds
Thy cheek's once cheerful ray,
Gives me more pain than all the clouds
That darken o'er our way:
Then let thy dear lips smile again,
Smile as when first we met,—
Sunshine must always follow rain—
We may be happy yet.

These clouds that o'er our bosoms lower
To-morrow may depart;
Why should we then, 'neath sorrow's power,
Wear out the buoyant heart?
Sun of my earthly heaven, then,
Shine as when first we met—
Ah! dearest, dry thy tears again,
We *will* be happy yet.

THE BARD OF AYR.

SUNG AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BURNS CLUB.

TUNE—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

OF a' the bards that ever sang
O' Robbie I loe best!
His notes ne'er tak the feelin wrang,
An' thrill in every breast;
For Nature's strain doth ever reign
In a' its sweetness there;
Let who will choose anither muse,
Gie me the Bard of Ayr.

O, he's the sweetest bard that e'er
Frae Nature learnt her arts,
The very mention o' his name
Makes music in our hearts;
If a' the sangs but his were lost,
A groat I wadna care;
For every beauty's in the sang
O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

Or if he sing the sang of love,
Or patriotic tale,
Or humor wake his rustic lyre,
It ever is the real;

Ay, every thought his bosom wrought,
Came frae auld Nature fair ;
'Twas nae by Greek the muse did speak
O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

The breeze that blaws amang the shaws,
Or on the hill sae high,
The birdy's note, where'er it float,
Frae flower, tree or sky ;
The river's rush, or tiny gush
Frae out the spring sae clear,
Hae a' inspired the sang admired,
O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

Oh, man, whoever thou mayest be !
Dear Robbie thou will find,
The niest best friend to cheer thy heart,
An' elevate thy mind ;
His varied strain will start thy tear,
Or banish every care,
For nane can touch the heart like he,
The bonnie Bard of Ayr.

Then may the bard wha suffered sae
In this bleak world of ours,
Enjoy above, in bowers of love,
Eternity's sweet hours !

An' may we a' escape the wae
That made his heart sae sair,
And a' a tear shed on the bier
O' the bonnie Bard of Ayr.

RELIGION.

SEE yon moon in the heavens, how stately her pace,
And see the dark clouds that encompass her round,
While some in her pathway their dark bodies place,
Like an army of spirits to crush or confound.

But still with a progress majestic and bright,
She fearlessly keeps on her luminous path,
And though for a moment they shadow her light
And seemingly bind her, she smiles through their
wrath.

Oh! thus beams the heart that with virtue is crowned,
By religion supported, heaven-lit and arrayed,
'Twill move on serenely, though troubles surround,
And smile, like the moon, through the clouds that
invade.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

THE Whippoorwill is whooping round
The old oak tree beside the gate,
Pouring a melancholy sound
Over his fallen mate;
And night after night he mournful sings
The same long song of grief;
Breathing his heart out through the strings,
But bringing no relief.

And weaker and weaker breaks the strain,
But sweet as he seems to say—
“ Ah! poor wife!—ah! poor wife!
My heart is wearing away:
It is wearing away, my bird, for thee,—
I whoop with a feeble breath—
I droop alone 'neath our own sweet tree,
Singing myself to death.

“ Oh! I did not know what 'twas to be
Left in the world alone;
I pray, I sing to follow thee,
With a weak and funeral tone:
Ere the great bright sun is up in the east,
And the kiss of night remains
On the sleeping flowers in sadness drest,
And o'er the gloomy plains.

“I lay on the old gray fence, and dream
Of the past—of bliss with thee ;
But I cannot sleep, and I long for night,
To whoop 'neath our singing tree :
And here, to-night, I've hasted away,
To chant one more sad tune—
The dew springs up from the earth as it did,
And o'er me rides the moon.

“The whispering winds wake the sleeping
And ruffle the glassy stream ; [flowers
And the stars look down from their airy bowers,
With their old familiar gleam ;
Ah ! each gay thing is here as it was,
By its sameness mocking my grief—
But thou art not, nor thy cheering voice,
Nor thy answering song of relief.

“And yet methinks I hear thee call
From above, my seraph bird,
Bidding me soar to a new found home,
Where naught but joy is heard :
But 'tis only the mocking echo speaks
To my melancholy lay—
Ah ! poor wife !—ah ! poor wife !
Where wanderest thou away ?”

* * * * *

One eve I listened for the song
And I sought where the mourner lay,
But song was not heard, nor found the bird,
And I gloomly turned away;
And now I sit as I used to sit,
At the cottage window-sill,
But I am not soothed, as I used to be,
With the song of the Whippoorwill.

BRING FLOWERS.

WRITTEN AFTER READING MRS. HEMANS' BEAUTIFUL VERSES.

BRING flowers! O bring ye drooping flowers!
Let their lids be wet from the cypress bowers,
For the beautiful form they spirited,
Has withered away 'neath the blighter's tread—
Be they wreathed o'er her tomb "where we
kneel in prayer;
They are nature's offering, their place is THERE."

LOVE STANZAS.

I HAVE brooded o'er thy mandate—
Thy wish has filled my heart;
I've checked my feelings, bid the past
My bosom to depart;
But the draught of deep forgetfulness
In vain I've striven to drink—
Ah! who could love as I have loved,
And ever cease to think!

'Tis worse than folly, years have passed
And years will pass again,
Ere those bright hours of halcyon bliss
Are darkened in my brain,—
The cherub hope you reared within
My bosom's budding spring,
Will, like a bird in loneliness,
O'er my heart's ruin sing.

I cannot chase the phantoms off
That haunt my anguished breast,
Their lights still glimmer round me,
Though realities are at rest;
Joy passed before my vision, like
The glittering meteor's blaze,
A moment in my sight, and then
It quit my raptured gaze.

The lone and solemn musings
That now my vigils keep,
The sleepless nights and leaden hours
Of day that o'er me creep,
Are so unlike those days of peace
And nights of love gone by,
'Tis locking in a dungeon dark
The heart that loves the sky.

And dearest, hast thou felt like me
How hard it is to part—
Our vows, are they not written on
Thy kind and gentle heart?
Or am I driven from your thoughts?—
If thus my fate's decreed,
You *then* deceived, or now you must
Be cruelty indeed.

And falsehood is cold woman's name,
She's heartless as she's fair,
Her bosom cold, her charms but bright
To lure us to despair;
And thou, the worst of womankind,
If *all* thou canst forget!
But ah! thou art not thus, I feel
Thou own'st thou lovest me yet.

Then why should distance, coldness, time,
Still keep us in despair?
Why pining separate, breathe alone
Our feelings to the air?
Then smile and ope thy bosom, bid
Me come to its calm rest,
And, like the wearied bird, I'll fly
To my long-lost loved nest.

But do I dream?—hast thou cast off
My love, and am I wrong?
Or does another hold my place
Thy memories among?
Then tell me not, but let me live,
Self-cheated though I be,
And death, come when it will, I'll die,
My dearest, blessing thee!

WHAT I LOVE THEE FOR.

I LOVE thee for thy modest cheek,
Thy soft love-telling eye,
Those long gold lashes, curtaining
A deep cerulean sky,
Where angels smile serenely,
And cupids skip about,
At every witching glance I fear
The rogues will sure leap out.

I love thee for thy "cherrie mou,"
Love's dimples nestling there,
That brow o'erlined with veins of blue,
And brown o'ershadowing hair,
Those ivories so straight and white,
That waist so neat and clean,
And those sweet *petite* feet below,
The like I've never seen.

That form "sae fair and faultless,"
So fresh from beauty's mould,
Thy bright array of charms might warm
A heart that's seared and cold;
In mine they've reared a quenchless fire,
That naught can e'er destroy,
They've lighted many a gloomy hour,
And darkened many a joy.

But though thy *beauty* woke the blaze
Which now consumes my heart,
Thy charm of *mind* will feed the flame
When beauty does depart;
For beauty soon may fade away,
But never learning's page;
And heart with love and wisdom warmed,
Gets warmer still with age.

But though thy sense and beauty keep
Love's throbbings in my breast,
There is another charm thou hast,
More bright than all the rest;
In golden dreams it circles round
My slumbers—haunts my brain,
And when I wake in silvered scenes,
I dream it o'er again.

'Tis pleasant e'en to think on it—
'Tis magic to possess,
The homely maid is lovely with it,
Beyond all loveliness;
And dearest, wert thou stripped of it—
A change I'd weep to see—
Thy other charms would charmless be—
I mean, dear girl, to me.

The eastern bard, while soaring high
On inspiration's wing,
Ne'er decked his princess with a charm
Like that which now I sing;
'Twould buy the king of Afric's dress,
His beads and precious collars,
And 'tis what I most love thee for—
Thy fifty thousand dollars.

EPIGRAM.

QUOTH Tom to Bet, "I've thumped my brain
An hour and above,
And for my life I cannot find
A simile for love."

"La! what a dolt! sir, love is like
The measles, or being hung;
Folks never have it twice, you know,
And always *catch it young.*"

TO MY MOTHER.

"Pray, my son, that God may bless us all."—*Mother's Letter.*

AN EARLY LAY.

YES, Mother, I will kneel and pray
That God may bless us all;
And God is good, all good men say,
He will not slight my call.
God will not slight the simple prayer
My humble heart shall breathe,
For He has said in His good book,
"Ask and thou shalt receive."

I'll pray,—all happiness be thine,
All joy and bliss betide
Thy noon of life, and thy decline
In ease and comfort glide.
Thy loved ones, all a Mother's fond
Solicitude could sue,
Thy hopes fulfilled, thine age prolonged,
Thy wants supplied and few.

May health her blissful mantle fling
Around thy waning years,
Thy blue bright eye be never dimmed
By grief's corroding tears.

And may the winter-blossomed rose
Sit on thy brow so meek,
Fit emblems of the youth that glows
On age's unwrinkled cheek.

A Mother's love will own no scope
To its unfathomed sea;
Misfortune's barque, the wreck of hope,
A haven finds in thee.
Thy Son reciprocates that flame,
(A mother's soul-felt joy)
And all thy heart for me could name
Be thine, without alloy.

Yes, Mother, I will kneel and pray
That God may bless us all;—
And God is good, all good men say,
He will not slight my call.
My heart shall frame that fervent prayer,
My tongue my heart express,
Affection's tear shall mingle there,
And love my suit shall press.

NEW YEAR'S SONG.

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

O! HERE we've met, a blythe-souled set,
The Old Year weathered through,
To wail a strain o'er blessings gone,
And welcome in the New.
To welcome in the New Year, boys,
To welcome in the New;
Our hearts give voice to sing aloud
A welcome to the New.

And where's the man whose grateful heart
The Old Year's blessings cheer,
Would not bound high in hopes they'd be
Repeated in New Year.
Then welcome, &c.

O! if Time's ta'en away some friends,
Whose smiles a radiance cast
Around us, still we've joys in store,
Though tears bedew the past.
Then welcome, &c.

The smiles and tears, the sweet, the sad,
To memory's volume true,
Wake feelings which can never mar
Our welcome to the New.
Then welcome, &c.

The sky, the sea, the earth and flowers,
When started Time's career,
Together sang their glorious song,
To greet the first born Year.
Then welcome, &c.

And shall Time's children slight the plan
Their father's wisdom penned?
O! no—the bright example set
Shall last till Time shall end.
Then welcome, &c.

Then "gie us a hand, my trusty frien,"
And here's a hand as dear,
And may we happy meet again,
To welcome the New Year:
Then welcome in the New Year, boys,
Then welcome in the New—
Let hand, and heart, and voice unite
To welcome in the New.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

O ASK me not why the warm tear starts
From an eye now bleared by weeping,
But gaze on the newly sodded bed
Where the friend of my youth lies sleeping.

O ask me not why my cheek is pale,
And dimmed the eye of gladness;
Why the joyous burst of mirth has fled,
And left the gloom of sadness.

For a friend has sunk to an early tomb,
Like a tree cut down while blooming;
And a heart of honor and manly form
In the deep cold grave's consuming.

Oh! a pang has struck to my inmost heart,
And naught but grief is left me;
For death, with a cold, unerring hand,
Of my only friend hath bereft me.

ON THE DEATH OF MY AUNT.

AND is she dead? my mother's love,
Companion of her youth;
Ah! we have long, long felt her so,
But now she's gone in truth.

The arms that nursed me when a child
Now moulder in the grave;
But love goes back to other years
To meet the smile she gave.

And now it comes before me bright,
As when it dried my tears;
Undying relic of the past,
To cheer my coming years.

Oh! when the friend lies cold in death,
How many thoughts will rise;
Their faults forgot, their deeds, their looks
Shine bright through memory's eyes.

Their home is in the mourner's breast,
Gem-thoughts that there will cling,
Which seem love's legacies to cheer
The lone heart's sorrowing.

TO MY SISTER.

DEAR Sis, I am glad thou art blooming again—
May health ever sit on thy brow;
May thy bosom escape all terrestrial pain,
And thy heart be as happy as now.

O! dear was thy love-beaming features to me,
When we rambled together at home,
Ere the spirit of enterprise bore me from thee,
Away from my kindred to roam.

And still does thy spirit give light to my heart,
Its ray is a beacon light, given
To guide me below and a blessing impart,
And lead me at last into heaven.

Each soul has an angel to guard it below,
And lead it to blessings divine!
To hover around it, and shield it from woe—
O, thou art that angel of mine!

O! then to those dear ones my bosom adores,
I feel thou an angel wilt be;
And the prayer that my heart to my Maker
outpours
Shall be freighted with blessings to thee.

ELEGIAC ODE.

I've been to my father's grave,
Knelt and with tears did lave,
Spring's offerings as they wave,
Mournfully there.

Bitter though the joy may be,
Woke by the thought of thee,
Welcome such pangs to me;
Sweet's the despair.

There up from memory's night,
Thine image broke to light,
Fresh on my visioned sight,
Loved looks appear:
Looks that approval spoke,
Frowns by my follies woke,
All, all before me broke,
Sun-like and clear.

Thy form on the death-bed lain,
The smile that tried to break through pain—
The agony, the dying strain—
Heart, heart be still!
Nay, come grief, my soul I'll steep
In memory's tears from memory's sleep,
Oh! let me feel the past and weep,
Though weeping kill.

God guide thou my life-path on,
In peace here by virtue won,
As the sire be the son,
Till death shall come.

Then joy the holiest
Shall glow within my sinking breast,
And wing my soul with thee to rest,
In thy bright home.

THERE'S NOTHING SAFE BUT CASH.

The banks are all a cheating crew,
Created but to fleece ye,
Their *promises* are but a *ruse*,
As fleeting as the morning dew,
There's nothing true but specie.

And false the glitter of their purse—
As present times unfold,
Their “loans” and “shaves,” and doings worse,
Are capers which the people curse,
There's nothing bright but gold.

Poor wanderers!—those spectral things—
They're pictured paper trash;
For whilst my muse this ditty sings,
They from your pocket may “take wings”—
There's nothing safe but cash.

THE SLEIGHER'S SERENADE.

TUNE—" *The Bonny Boat.*"

HOLD on, my merry driver boy,
Rein in thy bright steeds four,
Strike up your pipes, ye minstrels gay,
We're at my Mary's door.
We'll wake my dove with strains of love,
With music strong and sweet,
As might be sung in choirs above,
When stranger angels meet.

Wake! wake, my love, the moon above
And stars are shining bright;
The little snow-birds chirp, my love,
Deceived by Cynthia's light.
Then rise, my lady snow-bird, rise,
Thy friends impatient wait.
The sleigh-bells jingle, old Time flies,
And love knocks at thy gate.

The icicle is glistening, love,
Beneath thy window-sill,
The frost has nipped the flower, love,
And sealed the pebbled rill;

But thou'lt not feel the cold, my love,
 As o'er the snow we glide,
 For in my cloak I'll fold my love,
 And press thee to my side.

The moon shines on the frozen lake,
 Clear, beautiful and bright;
 And see! the cloud-capped mountain tops
 Are silvered o'er with white;
 Then, lady, wake, put on thy cloak,
 And sit thee by my side,
 And o'er the pure white sparkling snow
 Right merrily we'll glide.

Without my Mary all our sport
 Would gloomy be and poor,
 But hark! I hear her light footstep,
 And now she's at the door.
 Behold! she comes, my snow-drop comes,
 Her seat is the "off side,"
 Now whistling Jehu, crack your whip,
 And o'er the snow we'll glide.

STANZAS TO MISS L.

“The good must merit God’s peculiar care.”—POPE.

THOU art placed within a fairy boat,
And launched on life’s tempestuous tide;
Two nymphs are kneeling at thy feet,
Who beg thy little bark to guide:
One seems an angel bright and fair,
Her dark eye laughing, silken shaded,
And in her jetty hair
Bright gems are braided.

She points to Pleasure’s bowers,
And with a winning look she craves,
To guide thy bark along the pearly waves,
To her bright land of flowers:
Turn from her tempting look and warm!
’Tis Vice!—Remember!
All are not angels that bear an angel’s form.

And see the other nymph so fair,
Her blue eye smiling, with love shaded,
And in her golden hair
The myrtle and violet are braided:
She points above,
And with the sweetest look she craves,

To guide thy bark along the stormy waves
To bowers of love :
Give her the helm, and keep her precepts given ;
'Tis Virtue !—O, Remember !
Her ways are pleasant, and lead up to heaven.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

Who spent a few hours with me on her way through Baltimore
to the West.

How charmed at the meteors I gazed when a boy,
As they pass'd thro' the heavens in brilliance and truth ;
And now in my years I behold them with joy,
Those fleeting familiars of age and of youth.

It is thus with thee, Anna ! in youth did I gaze,
With my boyish heart blest, on thy figure of light ;
And now, like the meteors, thou givest thy rays
To cheer me a moment, then fade from my sight.

WE'VE WANDERED OFT TOGETHER.

We've wandered oft together,
In sunshine and in shade,
O'er flowery plain and heather
In boyhood's clime we've strayed;
Through years of joy and sorrow
We've kept the silent vow
That sealed our young affections—
Shall a light word part us now?

We've bound our hearts together
With friendship's golden cord;
Shall that fond tie be severed,
Be broken by a *word*?
Shall all our bright rememberings
Be crushed by Anger's plough?
We've long been friends together,
Shall a light word part us now?

We've glided oft together
Down Poesy's smooth stream,
We've hugged the phantom pleasure,
And found it but a dream;
We've shared each other's happiness,
We've *felt* each other's woe,
We've long been friends together,
Shall a light word part us?—No!

B O L I V A R .

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

THE Moro-walls are singing
Their death-song o'er the brave,
And kindred hearts are wringing
In sorrow o'er his grave;
The tear of grief is stealing
Through patriot hearts and free—
The dirge of woe is pealing
Over land and over sea.

O'er valley and o'er mountain,
Re-echoed to the skies,
A soul-felt tribute to the brave,
A requiem of sighs;
And well may that lament go up
Of anguish and of woe,
For who shall lead to freedom now,
Or battle with its foe?

What mighty hand, with heart to back,
And country in that heart,
Will follow in the fearful track,
And take the glorious part

That Liberty demands of him
Who leads her sons to war ;
A patriot like him we weep,
The noble Bolivar.

Methinks I hear the sound arise
From city, town and plain,
That *none* will touch the half-drained cup
That he alone would drain ;
That none will seize the fire-brand
That is flickering in the vase,
And rid a nation of a band
Of tyrants—cowards base.

Then mourn for a land o'ershrouded,
Herself that wove the pall—
Her destinies o'erclouded,
And tottering to the fall :
Mourn for a nation wedded
To anarchy and woe—
Mourn for a land beheaded,
Herself that struck the blow.

Mourn for the much-wronged Bolivar,
Your tears flow fast and free ;
Ye may have wept o'er heroes fallen,
But none more brave than he.

The hero at whose stirring breath
A slumbering nation woke,
And sought amid the sweep of death
Their fetters to unyoke.

But to him who led your warriors,
Your hundred battles won,
The deed that foiled the foeman's skill,
A baser power has done ;
Your conqueror lies conquered,
Your victor is subdued—
Oh, not beneath the foeman's sword,
But by *ingratitude*.

S E R E N A D E .

Oh come to thy window, dear lonely one, come !

The moon has departed the blue sky above,
Not a star twinkles there, and the city's low hum
Is silence propitious to song and to love ;
I will tell thee my heart in my song, and my lute
Shall waken a spirit to soothe thy heart's pain,
While hope, like bright morning dispelling dark night,
Will soften thy bosom to pleasure again.

I know thy stern father is prouder of thee

Than the light to his eyes from the day sky above,
He knows thou art peerless as woman can be,
That the pride of our land would be blest with thy
love ;

And thence he has shut thee from him who adores,
Who feels every beat of thy lonely heart's pain,—
Too happy, if true, the night-song that he pours,
Will waken thy bosom to pleasure again.

Once more let me hear that sweet voice, tho' in grief—

I have loved thee in smiles and still love thee in tears ;
From thy lips let me drink to my bosom's relief,

'Twill cheer thy lone minstrel and quiet his fears—
The bosom is faint that would vainly cheer thine,

For sorrow upon thee has darkened its light :
Ah ! tell me thy griefs, let them mingle with mine,
Then, love, from thy window one look and good-night.

F A R E W E L L .

FAREWELL!—we part, and thou hast left us lonely—
No smiles like thine to cheer our fireside ;
The circle bright is broken, and we only
Behold thy form in memory's visions glide.

Farewell!—we part, as parts the sun with flowers
Which it had cherished 'neath its kindling ray,
To live a long, lone night of lengthened hours,
Then wake again to bright and perfect day.

Farewell!—we part, and every breast is burning
With wishes kind and prayers of good to thee—
That joys, like singing birds, which cheer thy morning,
May aye attend thee with their melody.

Farewell!—we part, and tears betray the swelling
Of thy pure bosom with the parting pain ;
We part—but O ! with hope our lone hearts telling,
In tears we part—to meet in smiles again.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

FROM humblest shed, from highest hall,
Will Truth and Courage ever soar!
The impelling power which knows no thrall—
Its name, Excelsior;
Ambition is not of it born,
It seeketh not that fever-cup,
But, like the sun that gilds the morn,
By its own nature riseth up:
Riseth alway to brighter day,—
To destiny by birth-right given,
Until it blendeth high away,
In its own essence—Heaven.

Thus with the hero of my verse,
From germ-time to his ripeness grown,
Doing what History must rehearse,
And Glory call her own;
In Youth to noble deeds impelled,
In Manhood borne to higher fame,
In Age admiring worlds beheld,
His name the loftiest name;
And now from highest, proudest place,
Still upward hath his footsteps trod,
Till, in perfection's full embrace,
He dwelleth near his God.

THE “FRIENDSHIP’S” SONG.

Sung on the recent visit of the Friendship Fire Company
of Baltimore to New York.

DEDICATED TO THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

AIR—“*Dearest May.*”

YE brother firemen, we come
From homes that we hold dear,
To greet you all, with heart and hand,
And meet your welcome cheer;
We know that every fireman’s heart
Is kindled by one flame,
Whether it burns in bosoms here,
Or glows from whence we came:
Brother firemen, we come with “Friendship’s”
cheer,
With heart and voice, with “hand in hand,”
To greet our brothers here.

From the Monumental City, where
Her gratitude’s displayed
To those who fought her battles,
Or preserved what she has made.
To yours, where beats the patriot heart
Alike with that’s at home,
We come to view your Empire mart—
As friends and firemen come:
Brother firemen, &c.

We bring to you a fireman's love,
A fireman's honor, bright,
A fireman's pride, a fireman's wish
In all things to unite,
And come not with an "empty name"
Inscribed upon our scrolls,
For ours is borne in truth aloft,
And glows within our souls:
Brother firemen, &c.

Our love and honor, true as steel,
Are yours, in keeping sure;
Our pride is in the fireman's name,
Preserved unstained and pure;
The love we bear, the pride we feel
(No firemen could more claim)
For our Excelsior "new machine,"
To you we breathe the same:
Brother firemen, &c.

Then hail, our brothers of New York,
Hail, firemen, heroes brave,
Whose noble emulation is,
Not to destroy, but save.
We offer you, with all our hearts,
Our greeting, "hand in hand,"

And hope we may return your love
In our own Maryland :
Brother firemen, we come with "Friendship's"
cheer,
With heart and voice, with "hand in hand,"
To greet our brothers here.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I SAW him in his playful pride,
His azure eyes in gladness beaming ;
His lips, like cherries, side by side,
His golden locks in ringlets streaming ;
His cheeks tinged with their healthful glee,
Like roses on their mountain tree.

Fair as the Summer's morning dawn,
When first it wakes on rosy light,
Illuming hill, and lake, and lawn,
And making all Creation bright,
Was that fair child, upon whose brow
The shade of death is dwelling now.

AMERICA'S BATTLE SONG.

ARM for the mighty battle,
Whatever boys ye be!
Wherever born, ye're brothers now,
And lo! your Mother's ME!
The tyrant rules too many lands—
We'll break his rod and chain!
The world is crying out for help—
And shall she cry in vain?
Then arm for the mighty battle!

In our destiny is writ:
"Ye shall possess the world!"
From shore to shore our stars and stripes
Unconquered be unfurled!
The eagle bears our flag,
The eagle, bird of Jove:
Let's on, wherever earth is green,
And blue the skies above!
Then arm for the mighty battle!

Shout "Yankee Doodle! March!"
And imitate your sires!
Subdue creation, open schools,
Light Independence fires;

Set all the heavens ablaze
With rockets, as ye run,
And pile a monument of thrones
To honor Washington!
Then arm for the mighty battle!

TO HOWARD'S PARK.

BRIGHTEST of all the past!
My youth's own paradise!
I see the city traveling out
To thee, in stately guise;
I see it move thy emerald hills,
Away thy green swards sweep,
Topple thine ancient, glorious trees—
I gaze on these and weep.

Weep that the loveliest things
Should thus be swept away
Before thy march, O! City proud,
Rising to brighter day;
But still I feel, though these depart,
Joys to my bosom steal,
Which none but rovers of thy woods,
Oh! childhood's haunts, could feel—
Joys that the city of my birth
Is rising 'midst the first on earth.

TO THE FUTURE.

WELCOME, thou undiscovered realm—
 Away, thou haunting Past!
Firmly I seize the doubtful helm,
 And bend me to the blast;
If wrecked upon thy unknown shore,
 No pang shall rend my heart—
For it cannot be tortured more
 Than 'tis ere I depart.

Ye Wrongs, which send the heated blood
 In fire through my frame;
Ye Follies, a soul-sickening brood,
 That blanch my cheeks with shame;
Ye vain Regrets, which held me down
 To nothing do or dare—
I cast ye off, and now I frown
 Your offspring down, Despair.

Thou Ocean, that with changeless strife
 Exhibiteth thy Will!
Thou art the emblem of the life
 My coming hour may fill;
Like wrecks upon thy wasting beach,
 My griefs away I throw—
All that I ask is Heaven to teach,
 Nor care what winds may blow.

TO ELIZABETH,

ON HER APPROACHING DEPARTURE FOR THE WEST.

TIME's restless pinions swifter fly
As cometh on the day,
When from the hearts endeared to thee
Thou'lt wander far away;
Hopes, prayers, and tears, and wishes kind,
In each fond breast doth swell,
And every heart is practicing
That saddest word—Farewell!

For, ah! it is the hardest task
That life to us accords,
To look the last on those we love,
To hear their parting words;
To feel that each endearing tie
May now be broke in twain,
And fear the form we love the most
We ne'er may meet again.

And thus we feel for thee, dear girl—
We'll part with many a tear—
Thy beauty won our eyes to thee,
Thy worth our hearts endear—
Ah! when thou hast departed far,
Thy form will haunt each breast,
Like a long-loved and lovely star
That fadeth in the west.

A BATTLE SONG OF ERIN.

ARM for Erin's battle,
Sons of the brave and free !
Away, and win a soldier's grave,
Or a glorious victory.
The call of your great O'Connell
Is rolling o'er the main,
And pealing in your hearts for aid,
O ! shall he call in vain ?
Then arm for Erin's battle, &c.

In the ranks of freedom's fight,
The soldier's post should be,
Where men who burst oppression's chains
Are battling to be free ;
His bright plume waving high,
In the midst of the conflict's strife ;
His frown should quell the tyrant's rage
And his sabre drink his life.
Then arm for Erin's battle, &c.

Say, how should the soldier die—
On the pillow's soft repose ?
O ! no—with his bright shield 'neath his head,
In the battle's glorious close ;

The tyrant's flag at his feet,—
The skies with "victory" riven—
He smiles adieu to his comrades brave,
And his spirit soars to heaven.
Then arm for Erin's battle,
Sons of the brave and free,
Away! and win a soldier's grave,
Or a glorious victory!

REPEAL SONG,

DEDICATED TO THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

ARISE, arise, Hibernia's Sons, arise
And strike for your altars, for freedom and your
homes!
The cries, the cries of Bondsmen rend the skies,
Then resolve ye for Repeal or for your tombs.
Too long has Britannia misruled your noble nation,
Arise, and no longer submit to degradation;
With O'Connell for your Chief,
Up! and make the Battle brief;
Lift your banner from the ground,
Every Paddy rally round,
And Freedom, Erin's Freedom o'er the Nation shall
resound!

CHORUS.

Repeal, Repeal, Repeal your chorus be, boys!
Shout till John Bull shall acknowledge the decree,
Till Peel shall feel he must yield to Repeal,
And Erin take her place among the Free!

Behold, behold, on Erin's page behold,
The deeds of your fathers shine out in glory's flame,
For bold, for bold, those Heroes were of old;
Then rouse ye and emulate their fame!
The noble Saint Patrick shines first upon her story;
Then Brian the Brave adds a chaplet to her glory;

Her great Chiefs, her Mac's and O's,
 All who lathered Erin's foes,
 While in works of Art and Mind
 Unsurpassed by all mankind,
 O! why should a Tyrant then her gallant children bind.
 Repeal, &c.

And there, and there, Oh! see emblazoned there—
 The names of those Martyrs, the men of Ninty-eight;
 Their care, their care, your freedom was their care—
 Their murder soon shall Britain expiate;
 And now for more blood the tyrants they are thirsting,
 O'Connell he must die, and they whose chains he's
 bursting;
 But their black designs shall fail,
 Though your Chief should rot in jail,
 For the Cause, the Cause is just;
 Then triumph, boys, it must,
 And the bloody flag of England shall beampled in
 the dust.
 Repeal, &c.

Repeal! Repeal! All join for the Repeal,
 On Patriotism's altar let every feud be laid,
 Let Shiel join Steel, and all go for Repeal,
 An unconquerable phalanx be arrayed;
 The Freeman of America for Erin's rights will rally;
 The land of La Fayette will be her gallant ally;

And all nations will unite
With Old Ireland in her fight ;
Then with Freedom's flag unfurled,
Down oppression shall be hurled,
And Liberty for ever wave her banner o'er the World.
Repeal, &c.

THE CHERUBS.

In the happy home, in the gay parterre,
There are beautiful things the soul to cheer,
But who would seek for beauty rare
In the place of death, 'mid the mourning there?

And yet the eye has never seen
Such loveliness as this, I ween,
Where side by side in death's chill arms,
An infant pair the gazer charms.

Were roses babes, they would look like them,
White roses torn from the parent stem,
Gentle, and pure, and mild as the breeze—
Could angels die, they would be like these.

Their hair of the same sunlight was made,
Their cheeks in the same bright hue arrayed—
The forms seemed worked of the same clear pearl
Of that beautiful boy and beautiful girl.

They were like each other as twins could be,
Though they were not buds of a kindred tree;
Ah! a sorrowful tale of their lives is told, -
Brief as they were in this valley cold.

'Mid armed men that boy was born,
In the odorous clime of the South, forlorn,
Where the father wept, and the mother died
With a breaking heart for the babe by her side.

The bird, bereft of its parent nest,
Was borne away to a stranger-breast,
Where it found a mother's love and care,
And a nestling mate in the girl so fair.

From the baby girl, in its early day,
A doting sire was torn away—
And thus began with sad alloy
The lives of the orphan girl and boy.

They grew together—in beauty grew,—
They loved each other as cherubs do,
With a singular strength ye will not find
To be so ripe in the budding mind.

But a frost fell on these flowers bright,
Through their opening breasts crept a fatal blight,
And the joyous shouts of these little ones
Were changed to sounds of the saddest tones.

They sickened together, they struggled with death,
And their sighs arose in a mingled breath:
And the sick boy plead to be laid beside
His playmate fair—where he smiled, and died.

On the day that gave the Saviour birth,
His spirit soared from the dark, bleak earth;
By another sun the girl was blest—
The Shepherd had folded *her* to his breast.

Side by side, in the coffins there,
Are laid the boy and the girl so fair;
Side by side, where the wild winds rave,
They sleep in peace in the same sweet grave.

Methinks, with a power angel-given,
I can see those beautiful ones in heaven,
And can hear the hymns of the choirs above,
Receiving them in the courts of love;

Where the voice of Jesus sweetly blends,
In the seraphic song which there ascends,
Saying: “ *Welcome here, in your robes arrayed,
For of such as ye is my Kingdom made.*”

LINES,

IN MEMORY OF "OUR FATHER."

He's sleeping now : life's cares are o'er,
And we, alas ! can only mourn ;
No prayers, no tears, can bring again
Our father ; though to God they're borne
By angels bright, who quick return,
And with the power He has given,
Give back to us for prayers and tears
The peace that only comes from heaven.

Tread lightly, for beneath this earth,
This dark brown earth, he calmly lies ;
Yet his immortal soul has gone,
Trembling with joy, to paradise,
Where weary hearts will surely rest,
Where sorrow's shadow cannot come—
Oh, that with him I too might dwell
In that eternal, joyful home.

Yes, "angels, take him to your care ;"
We loved him, yet we ne'er again
Will welcome his dear voice of love ;
Will sigh and look for him in vain.

How could we, father, give thee up?

How could we feel that all was o'er,
And know each fond and gentle word
Had passed away for evermore?

And he has gone and dreams no more:

His poet soul has passed away,
And earth has lost a radiant gem,
'Tis buried from the light of day.
The world its busy hum keeps on,
Nor minds that he has gone to rest;
Yet will his memory always live
With those who knew and loved him best.

THE GRAVE OF GREENWOOD.

THE forest trees were tipped with the light
From Aurora's sheaf of rays,
And the gentle breeze breathed a peaceful sound
As it crept through the greenwood maze—
A sound that whispered of fountains bright,
Whose waters from flowery beds are taken—
A sound as from seraphic voices clear,
That from pleasant dreams our senses waken.

A graceful willow bent its frail leaves
O'er a stream that tripped gently o'er moss and stone,
Where the grass was more green and the flowers more
rare,
Where the heart would fain rest when its last hope
had flown ;
A silvery voice from the stream seemed to rise,
As in playfulness onward it flew,
Reflecting the azure of heaven's bright dome
In its waters so clear and so true.

The sun's bright rays shed a holy light
On the calm, unruffled face
Of a mother whose soul from this earth had flown
To a heavenly resting-place ;

And they carried her forth to her last sweet home,
 'Neath the willow they laid her to rest,
And the gladdened earth mingled tears with its smiles,
 As she gently reposed on its breast.

'Twas the only grave in the greenwood wild—
 The grave of that mother dear—
The first of many that soon will sleep
 The deep sleep that dreams not of fear.
In years to come will Greenwood's tall trees
 Bend their branches o'er many a loved one's grave,
And youth, age and beauty will follow the path
 Of the mother who rests where the willow's leaves
 wave.

I AM A RED-HAIRED MAN.

Some verses wherein the Red-haired man complains to Dame Nature of the bad treatment he received, especially from the fair sex, showing how Dame Nature consoled him, and how in the end he became proud of his carrot locks, and triumphed over his persecutors.

Oh dear, hey dear, good gentle folks may it be said,
I've come here to learn, if any poor bairn
Has been troubled like me with his head. *Old Song.*

I SAT me down beside a nook,
And talked the other day
Unto myself, how folks will bow
At beauty's magic sway;
The old, the young, the fair and proud,
All kneel at her gay throne,
And leave such ugly ones as me
Neglected and alone.

And while I musing sat me there,
My heart got right down mad
To think that those I never harmed
Would use a chap so bad;
And thus to Nature I complained—
Much better kill me dead,
Than for to send me hither, with
This *blaze* upon my head.

A mark you've placed upon my brow
And there have plainly writ—
A subject here for merriment,
A but for every wit!

Now, Mother Nature, ere I'm done,
 I'll tell you, if I can,
 Some of the miseries that await
 Upon the *Red-haired man*.

The girls turn up their nose at me,
 The old, the young and fair,
 The wits call me a *ready* man,
 And quiz my coral hair;
 And then they say that I am one
 Of Rob Roy's brawny clan—
 I dance and sing ungracefully—
 I am a Red-haired man.

They know that I write poetry,
 Yet 'pon my soul, by 'gum!
 They will not let the *poet try*
 One scratch in their Album;
 They me *miss-use* and *miss-abuse*,
 In every thing they can;
 A miserable dog am I—
 I am a Red-haired man.

I strive to please the world, but it
 Gives no returning smile;
 I try to please the girls, but they
 Laugh at me all the while;

They scarce can treat me civilly,
 Or do not if they can,
 The reason why, who can deny—
 I am a Red-haired man.

The other night I ventured in
 To Charley Spies's ball,
 And as we kick'd the Mazurka,
 A lady chanced to fall;
 I helped her up before the beau,
 And handed her her fan,
 She didn't even smile a thank—
 I am a Red-haired man.

If I make free—"He's impudent!"
 Respectful—"He is dull!"
 Say "witty things" and "pretty things,"
 "'Tis not original!"
 And tho' I draw and paint as well
 As any gentleman can,
 They say that I am an ugly *daub*—
 I am a Red-haired man.

The other night I courage took,
 And begg'd a kiss from Moll—
 I got it too, but such a *smack*
 As made me kiss the wall—

I could not *Moll-ify* her rage,
 So raving home I ran—
 'Tis plain why I'm Moll-treated thus—
 I am a Red-haired man.

There is very little that I love
 In country or in town,
 And fewer love me, just because
 I've got a golden crown ;
 I love to go to Quaker church,
 I dearly love their plan,
 The girls can't see through my white hat,
 That I'm a Red-haired man.

It would wear my very tongue away,
 And scare you, madam, most,
 To tell the torturing miseries
 My carrot looks have cost,
 And this I'll swear, by all the gods,
 I've suffered since my birth,
 The jeers and taunts of blockhead wits,
 A limbo, ma'am, on earth !

I worse had raved, but Nature caught
 My hair, and with a twang,
 Holding me aloft, spoke out
 This eloquent *hair-angue*—

"Ho! why this wail about the tint
 That decks your pericran-
 Ium, you fool, 'tis not the hair,
 But heart that makes the man;
 The man or woman clothed with sense,
 Heeds not the head's attire;
 The honest heart that knows no guile,
 The jewel they admire;
They bow not low at beauty's throne,
 Nor crouch at her behest—
 Merit alone their smiles receive,
 Unmindful of the rest.
 And more gaze on that glorious page,
 Your country's boasted scroll,
 And know that the heart that gave it birth,
 Beat 'neath a *carrot pole*—*
 And then with all admiring eye
 Turn, turn to him who met
 The foe, who dared its wisdom scorn,
 The noble Lafayette,—*
 And learn whilst gazing on the brow
 Of him who fought and bled,
 A fire-brand was in his heart—
Another on his head!
 I here might name an hundred more
 With Cato-locks who've bled,
 And hold a place in fame's proud niche;
 But, 'gad, enough's been said,—

Then cease this wail ridiculous,
 Mind not the fair ones' scoff,
 Heed not their empty-headed grins,
 On them you have the laugh :
 And courage take, nay, feel a pride,
 Demand a patriot's fare,
 For tho' you may be brainless quite,
 You boast a patriot's hair."
 Thus said, Dame Nature shut her mouth,
 Shut up and vanished quite—
 When reasoning to myself, I thought
 Her reasoning must be right.

Then come, ye dark and midnight locks,
 Ye auburn-haired so fair,
 Ye hairy (nothing in them) blocks,
 Ye heads unknown to hair ;—
 Ye chesnut-crowned beauties, ye,
 Ye graceful, tall and short,
 Ye wicked wits, ye engineers
 Of love-destroying sport—
 Come! one and all—let slip your wits,
 Quiz, taunt me if you can ;
 For know I glory now to say,
 I AM A RED-HAIRED MAN.

* Jefferson and Lafayette were red-haired men.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Now centuries on centuries

Have floated down the tide of Time,
Since He, the Star of Bethlehem,
Descended on the world, sublime ;
Darkness enshrouded land and sea,
Mankind in error blindly groped,
When that bright Star of freedom shone
And man was bless'd and loved and hoped.

Through the long lapse of brightening years,
The light of that blest Star has spread,
Until no spot on earth remains
Where it hath not its radiance shed :
Up in the East it first appeared,
Then poured its glory on the West,
The North and South its blessing shared,
And joy it gave to every breast.

Shedding on darkest mind a light
Which led it on from clime to clime,
Through the illimitable worlds of God,
And on the extended page of time,
Which taught it more than seers could dream,
More than keen science e'er could see,
And led it to that knowledge high,
Which gave it immortality.

O! what were such a world as this,
Had not that Infant come to save?
Like the dull brute to know no bliss
Beyond the confines of the grave?
To pass away and be no more,
A cold, unmeaning clod of earth;
A blank, a wave upon the shore,
To die, and know no second birth!

No hope—no joy—no meeting bright
Hereafter, of those loved below;
All sunk in never ending night,
Were He not born to end our woe;
Our hearts to-day should then give out
The gratitude that's due above,
And all in hymns of joyance shout
Their praises to the God of love.

He taught us the bright path to tread,
Comprising all that could be given,
And died that we should be redeemed,
And live the glorious heirs of heaven.
Then all be happy, all give praise,
On this God-made Thanksgiving day,
And all their grateful voices raise
Together in one glorious lay.

LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

(CATHARINE BERNARDINE.)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FRANCIS M'NERHANY, ESQ., AND HIS
AMIABLE WIFE.

LAUGHING cherub, fairy flower,
Budding in the human bower,
Comest thou from Paradise
To glad thy parents' hearts and eyes?
No, thou art thyself, fair sprite,
A sweet Eden in their sight,
Cheering, brightening life's dark way
With a heavenly, holy ray.
Winning the fond ones who love thee
To adore the power above thee
For the blessing he has given
In thee, infant germ of heaven,
Cast upon their path's wayside,
An unconscious guard and guide;
For those a little child shall lead
Who the sacred words doth heed—
Lead them to a counterpart
Of the bliss of thy pure heart,
With a power naught can sever
In this wrestling world for ever.

Go into the fight, oh man !
 Meet thy compeers in the van,—
 Gifted be as mightiest men,
 Eloquent with tongue and pen ;
 Mix in the mazes of life's juggle,
 In the intellectual struggle
 Of the gladiatorial ring,
 Where high minds are battling ;
 Win the prize or conquered be,
 Right or wrong encompass thee—
 Still, this beacon on thy track
 To true joys will win thee back.
 Woman, 'mid thy household cares,
 Know, an angel, unawares,
 Ever by thy side is moving,
 Charming thee, beloved and loving,
 Child of beauty ! child of power !
 Still be here a living flower,
 And when called to heaven away,
 Be thou *there* a guiding ray !

ADDRESS TO THE FIREMEN.

Written "per order," and spoken by Mrs. WILLIAM WARD,
at the Holliday street Theatre, on the occasion of the Benefit of
her father, Mr. Thomas Ward, on the evening of Nov. 4, 1851.

AT my kind father's bidding here I come !
On such a call, could I, his child, be dumb ?
No ! I will speak, *your* leave I need not ask,
For ye will aid me in the pleasant task ;
A generous public always will respond
To him whose just appeal is his best bond ;
And ye have met it by your presence here,
True friends to honor, foster, and to cheer.
As the old Manager of " Old Drury's " fame
Foremost in modern times shines out *his* name,
And uppermost upon your heart's regard
Nestles the well-known name of Thomas Ward ;
Thus let my heart, at least, express its choice,
In the fond accents of a daughter's voice.
Artists and Actors, Stars of all degrees,
His enterprise provided, you to please—
An Ellen Tree, in beauty, trod this floor,
A Kean, the younger, walked these boards of yore,
Celeste and others of the aerial throng,
And Walton with his well remembered song !
These, and our *present* Corps de Dramatique,
(A better corps in vain might critics seek,)
These are some triumphs of his catering skill,
Done for your wants, obedient to your will.

Your thanks are then to him a guerdon bright,
 Shown in your smiling presence here to-night,
 And his full heart returns the throb sincere
 Which ye have given in your welcome cheer.

But I am sent here to speak to Firemen !
 Let me regard you as such heroes, then,
 Yea, *all of ye*, even the beauteous Fair,
 For they for Union gather every where ;
 'Tis an old saying, but is not the less true,
 And thus my syllogism fixes *you*.
 The Fireman is, then, my noble theme ;
 Not the false glitter of an empty dream,
 But a proud tale of those who generous give
 Their lives away that those they aid may live !
 First in our minds their memory shall be
 In Friendship's ever hallowed decree,
 Mechanical although my verses flow
 They're Independent, and—respect them so.
 When Liberty her glorious flag unfurled,
 Be Vigilant, she cried, and bless the world ;
 Columbians, listening to the gallant strain,
 Wakened her children upon the shore and main—
 First Baltimore advanced with fearless soul,
 Bold as thy waves, Patapsco, doth roll,
 And said United shall we ever be,
 Each one a Watchman on the tower-tree,
 With Franklin's lightning grasped within his hand,
 Sworn to protect, defend our Native Land !

Old Deptford Hundred was a host just then,
New Market multiplied her fighting men,
All, all combined, our Howard in the van,
With Lafayette from o'er the broad sea's span,
Gathering in power and pride each freeborn son
Around the standard of our Washington!

In Monumental marble shall the fame
Shine out for ever, the brave Fireman's name,
As Firemen well known in Freedom's story,
As Firemen our never dying glory!

Well, now, good friends, my little speech is done,
Say, have my words your kindly feelings won?
If so, why I'm content, my duty's o'er,
And *here's* engraved thy name, loved Baltimore

COVER HIM O'ER.

Lines written on the death of GEORGE R. RICHARDSON, Esq., for a long period the distinguished Attorney General of Maryland, who died in this city, February 10, 1851.

COVER him o'er, cover him o'er,
With the clods of the valley cover him o'er;
And as the senseless sods ye heap
On the manly form in its coffin'd sleep,
Ye will feel the spirit hovering round,
That could not bide in the common ground,
But soaring away in its proud ascent,
Finds rest in its own high element;
And your thoughts will follow that spirit brave,
There your tears fall fast o'er his honored grave.
Cover him o'er, &c.

Cover him o'er, cover him o'er,
With the mantle of charity cover him o'er;
For he was one of the noble kind
Who gild the world with a god-like mind;
Whose heart, like the burning crater, wears
Itself away on the ambient airs,
Eating its vitals, whilst it throws
A gleam abroad, that flits and glows,
And tells of the living fires within—
A nature flashing in light and sin.
Cover him o'er, &c.

Cover him o'er, cover him o'er,
With your wings, ye angels! cover him o'er;
And waft him away to that court above,
Where the Judge presides who is made of love,
Who gave to that mighty mind its power,
To rule below for its little hour,
Then called it back to be alway
A star in the everlasting day;
Ah! if from that awful Judge a frown
On our brother's frailties be lowering down,
Oh! cover him o'er, cover him o'er,
With your wings, ye angels, cover him o'er!

THE LAMENT.

INSCRIBED TO MR. M. DEMPSEY, ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

I KNOW the tears I shed for thee
Are sin-drops on my cheek,
And every prayer to win thee back
Is sinful, that I speak :
But yet I still must mourn thee dead,
Who living solaced me,
And pour the heart-woke prayer to have
Thee back upon my knee.

To meet thy playful eyes with mine ;
To drink thy happy laugh,
And wearied by the toils of earth,
Hope gushing from thee quaff :
And when I pray, to halve my prayer
Betwixt thee and the rest ;
Oh, this were now the only joy
Of my woe-ridden breast.

But these, and more endearments that
I dare not speak of now,
Are lost for ever in thy grave,
Thou calmer of my brow :

Yet all my prayers and all my hopes
For them and thee are given,
That they and I may see the bud
We loved, yet bloom in heaven.

I would have thought, ere Death's hard test
Had taught my heart to prove,
That thy transmission to the skies,
A bliss were from above:
But ah! that all destroying power
Restrains my reasoning wild,
For though I bow to Heaven's decree,
I yet must mourn my child.

HURRAH FOR THE PRINTERS!

AIR—" *All on Hobbies.*"

SUNG AT AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE BALTIMORE TYPO-
GRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

You ask for a song that is not out of place,
Then I'll sing of *hard cases* that work at the *case*,
Like a song of dear woman or Fourth of July,
'Tis a glorious theme and will never be dry.

Hurrah for the Printers, Hurrah for the Printers,
Hurrah for the Printers, Hurra and Hurrah.

Old Faust was their father you very well know,
Who learnt from the devil the art long ago,
And all his successors, you see by their *prints*,
Have raised the Old Boy with the world ever since.

Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

From Kingdom they've knocked down most all of his
props.

Old Craftdom they've changed to the craft of the shops,
For labor now rules and mankind will be freed,
By the handmaid of Freedom, the Press, it's decreed.

Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Religion and Science and Art are its brothers,
 For it is the art that preserves all the others;
 The Historian and Poet, O! where'd be their fame,
 Were it not for the Press their great deeds to proclaim?
 Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

The weapon of Truth and the champion of worth,
 'Tis a light to mankind as the Sun is to earth,
 It reflects, it produces, it nourishes, blesses;
 Then shout for the heroes that work at the Presses.
 Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

But though darkness they've banished, they're still in
 the night,
 Of the secret that gives them their glory and might,
 Which is, though I own "Pat" can strike a good lick,
 'Tis *they* are "the devils for handling the stick."
 Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

It was that same stick did such wonderful things,
 The *setting up subjects* and knocking down Kings,
 By blessing and raising mankind every way;
 So God bless the Printers, hurrah and hurra.
 Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Hurrah for the Printers, exclaimeth the preacher,
 The soldier, the workman, the people, the teacher
 While liberty, smiling benignantly o'er us,
 From heaven looks down and joins in the chorus.
 Hurrah for the Printers, &c.

Then, since Old Faust's banner is brightly unfurled,
And waves with such glory, all over the world,
Say, shall the brave Printers be such modest elves
As not to be proud to hurrah for themselves?

Hurrah for the Printers, Hurrah for the Printers,
Shout all for the Printers, Hurra and Hurrah!

Now I've told you plain truth that you all knew before,
But will quit, though the theme would afford many
more,

With a wish in a *summary* way, that no *Winter*
May ever congeal the fond hopes of the Printer.

Hurrah for the Printers, Hurrah for the Printers,
God bless the brave Printers, Hurra and Hurrah!

M A R G A R E T .

I LOVED her—but 'twas not for aught of beauty I could
trace

In that light form, or in the mild expression of that
face,

Tho' other brighter blossoms oped inviting by my side,
My heart devotedly alone acknowledged her its bride.

We parted—but we made no vow—I breathed mine in
a sigh,

I felt our faithful hearts asked not that cold and formal
tie ;

I thought I read in her blue eyes that languished into
tears,

The vow of heart in heart enshrined, which quelled
unhallowed fears.

The earth put forth its greenest plumes—'twas plumed
but once again,

When saddest sounds my ear e'er caught, or gave a
lover pain,

Came o'er my hopes—Oh ! she had wed—tears healed
not then the smart ;

The shock — the indignant feeling — checked the
promptings of my heart.

We met again—she sunk beneath the altered glance
that came
With my first gaze, and her pale cheek seemed mantled
o'er with shame;
I could not speak, I did not dare upbraid her—no,
my pride—
And her, I thought repentant, look stayed back my
feeling's tide.

I left her with a self-rebuke, I knew I'd given pain—
I would not for an angel's seat that bosom wound again;
Away from home, and kindred dear—away to other
lands,
I sought a quiet to my mind, a Sabbath at God's hands.

But news soon came; ere many months had winged
their fleet career,
That she, poor Margaret, had died!—*then* flowed the
long pent tear;
Methought I heard *him** chiding death, that made his
joy so brief—
He wept a momentary pang—but *I*, whole years of
grief.

Oh! she had been to me so dear in those bright hours
I weep;
Her image clung so round my heart, and haunted so
my sleep,

* Her Husband.

That sorrows by sweet memories made, which pride
 had inward kept,
Burst, when the tale of death was told, and like a child,
 I wept.

She died, I'm told, lamenting that none mourned her
 early doom.

Ah! little did she think that *one* would weep above her
 tomb—

But still I smile when on my heart the solemn truth
 doth fall—

She long had been a corse to me; *she now is dead to
 all!*

TO HENRY ANNA.

INFANT DAUGHTER OF LATE HENRY AND CHARLOTTE KEENE.

THY life is o'er, and we are sad
To think the golden bow is bent;
'Twas like a bud that some rude hand
Breaks rudely ere its life is spent.
Still, still 'tis better that thou art
A bright-robed one, than child of earth,
For here each flower is filled with thorns,
And dark despair rests o'er each hearth.

For though some pleasant hours we have,
They are too like the autumn leaf,
That sports, till suddenly the wind
Wafts it away, then all is grief;
Or like the waters as they close,
As in their cold embrace is laid
Some noble sailor's hardy form,
A moment—and all trace will fade.

Yes, 'tis far better that thou art
A spotless, chosen child of God;
For father, mother rest in peace
Beneath the flower-laden sod:

This world of curs would soon have been
A place, indeed, of grief and care—
No father's smile to cheer thee on,
No mother's love thy grief to share.

Then we resign thee as we think,
Though few thy flowers, they were bright
As diamond-studded stars that gem
The firmament throughout the night;
For sorrow o'er thy tender heart
Its with'ring power ne'er had flung,
And now in paradise thou'lt dwell,
Where strains of grief will ne'er be sung.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.

“Cold and unhonored his relics are laid.”

My Father's grave, my Father's grave —no tombstone
decks the spot ;

No graven tablet's flourish'd line tells us “ Forget-me-
not.”

Oh, no, no monument is reared, no wicket guards the
bed ;

But humbly now the sleeper rests, as when on earth
he sped :

No quoted line of filial love there speaks in his behalf,
The heart his virtues treasures up—his only epitaph.

I love to think upon the past, though mingling comes
the sigh ;

It tells of early hours of bliss, when brightly beamed
his eye.

I then was but a little boy, but I remember well

The looks, the words of kindness given, oh ! sweet's
the pain to tell.

These many kind endearing ties hang round me like a
spell,

And bring the tear-drops in my eye to think how
things were then,

And make me feel in every thought a simple boy again.

In memory's deep and sad recess, the fount of many
tears,
The brightest, greenest relic-grief his dying hour ap-
pears;
Kind fortune once had smiled, and he was happy in
her smiles,
But now her darkest clouds hung o'er, and treachery's
hidden wiles,
Encompassed in fair friendship's form, had robbed him
of his peace,
O'erwhelm'd his home with poverty, with anguish,
and disease.

Oh ! I will ne'er forget that scene, the wild delirious
look
My mother gave when from his cheek our parting kiss
we took ;
And then in tears she bade me take the book of prayer—
all knelt—
The solemn litany arose, in each response 'twas felt ;
The smile play'd sweetly on his lip which moved to
every word,
Till with the prayer his spirit pure went praying to the
Lord.

They heaped the sod upon his breast, and said the
parting prayer ;
My mother wept, and all did weep the tear of sorrow
there.

I know naught else of that sad hour, from memory 'tis
fled ;

The tear might wither, or perhaps my thoughts were
with the dead.

Sad thought doth now oft set me by his grave, though
parted far,

To sigh o'er things that once have been, and weep o'er
things that are.

Though years have fled and griefs increased, yet such
thoughts will intrude,

And on my heart is painted green that grave's simili-
tude.

O I will pray that when my heart has ceased its earthly
throb,

That I may yet enjoy that bliss that death did early rob,

That men may say when this poor form is confined by
his side—

“He lived as did his father live, and as his father died.”

BACHELORS' BALL.

THE Bachelors' Ball!

O! joy will be there
In his rosiest smile,
Unattended by care!—
To see the gay Bachelors
Cutting their shines,
Will tickle the old fellow
Up to the nines.

The Bachelors' Ball!

O! brightly will glow
The smiles of the Fair,
To the eyes of each beau!
The music and dancing,
Love, Beauty, and all,
Will make bachelors rare things—
After the Ball!

The Bachelors' Ball!

O! who will decline
To join in its honors,
To loved *Valentine!*
All ladies and lovers
Will then haste away,
For when Bachelors court the saint,
Who can say nay?

The Bachelors' Ball!
Success to it yet—
And may Baltimore Bachelors
Never forget
The "hearts to be won" there,—
Then Bachelors all
Haste! hasten away
To the Bachelors' Ball!

LINES.

Why is it that I ofttimes feel
A void within my heart,
Which e'en pleasure cannot fill,
Nor life one joy impart.

Why do I shed the burning tear,
And heave the trembling sigh;
Why throbs my heart with anxious fear,
That bids peace from it fly.

Ah! sure 'tis some wild or
Strange unconquerable spell;
It is a feeling undefined
That doth my bosom swell.

I M P R O M P T U .

On seeing the remains of the daughter of Capt. Joseph Peck, and wife of James A. King, "laid out" in the beautiful robes for the grave. The birds were warbling in their cages, while every eye was wet in the hall where the composed body lay. The contrast was from nature.

THE small birds sang most lively
Beside the solemn hall,
Where lay the loved and lovely,
Wrapped in her funeral pall;
They had showered roses o'er her,
White roses, as when grown,
But silent she reposed,
On her confined bed alone.

She sleeps the last sleep sweetly—
It seems the angel breath,
Which left her frame so sadly,
Made beautiful her death;
But what are birds and flowers,
And what are tears and grief?
She has found a better morrow
To a life most bright and brief.

She had left her love so kindly,
To mother, husband, all!
The father in his sufferings,
May not forget his thrall;

But on this opening morning,
The hearts before all riven,
Will feel the child's adorning,
The joyous halls of heaven.

INSCRIPTION.

“TO THE LADY OF PRESIDENT PIERCE, WITH THE HUMBLE AND
SINCERE RESPECT OF THE AUTHOR.”

The foregoing inscription was written in a neatly bound volume of poems, recently handed to President Pierce for his wife, and appropriately accepted by him :

MAY, the merry month of May,
Reigneth now, a holiday ;
Sweets the Spring-born flowers yield,
Fragrance scents the emerald field ;
Rolleth by the joyous river,
Anthems singing to the Giver ;
'Neath the sky and all above,
Kindly beam the signs of love,
Love which thrills the lonely heart,
Inward blessings to impart—
Nature thus her lesson frames,
Peace into the breast proclaims.
In thy bosom may her wing
Ever cheering music bring,
Round thee soothing angels sing.
Cheer thee, then, and happy be,
Even as Nature teacheth thee.

LAMENT OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

AH! woe is mine and dark my fate,
Sore grief and care my steps await,
All, all to me is desolate,
 And bleak my lonely heart;
A voyager on life's dark sea,
My gloomy bark moves cheerlessly,
 Without a compass or a chart;
I dream of bliss I once enjoy'd,
I wake and find my dreamings void.

Through retrospection's varied page,
My heart, my soul, I oft engage,
Seeking a gleam that will assuage
 The burning fever here;
I win a mournful pleasure when
I think of joys that once have been,
 But soon, too soon 'twill disappear;
I dream of boyhood's sunny beam,
I wake and find it but a dream.

Amid this world of care and strife,
I sought a maid to be my wife;
I found her, lov'd her as my life,
 And thought my love return'd;

But no ! she bless'd another's arms,
She gave for gold an angel's charms,
 And me, poor me she spurn'd ;
Then in my dark and wild despair,
I knelt, and curs'd her in my prayer.

And now this world no charms may bring,
No tendrils round my branches cling,
I stand alone, a nameless thing,
 A blank on earth's dull scheme ;
No home, no resting place for me,
My life a life of misery,
 Uncheer'd by hope's frail beam ;
In dreams my prospects dark I view,
I wake and feel my dreaming's true.

'Tis not for friendship unreturn'd,
'Tis not for dear lov'd ones inurn'd,
'Tis not that fortune me hath spurn'd,
 That now alone I mourn ;
Though each their separate griefs instil,
'Twas she alone all hope could kill,
 Alone my heart-strings burn ;
Strange that a faithless heart like thine
Could plant an endless sting in mine.

In mine! alas! 'tis broken, torn,
My spirits fled, my weak frame, worn,
Sinks 'neath a weight it long hath borne,
 And longs to fill the grave;
Since joy and bliss to me are dead,
And earthly hope for ever fled,
 I'll kneel to Him who died to save,
And pray to join his fold above,
Where all is peace and all is love,
And there, where dreams may never be,
I'll wake to joy's reality.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I LOOK'D—the sigh came sadly sweet
Up from the young one's heart,
And pain and agony in its breast
Seem'd struggling to depart.

I gaz'd again—the infant's cheek,
With young roses seem'd spread ;
I for a moment look'd away,
Then turn'd—the flower had fled.

'Twas death that stole the rose away,
Ere it had reach'd its bloom ;
It liv'd but for a little day,
Then sunk into the tomb.

And thus, thought I, is man's brief life,
A little day we have
Of misery,—when death comes in,
And bears us to the grave.

P A R O D Y .

ON ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

GOOD-BY, good-by to the Fish-woman's daughter—
Thus bawl'd out an oysterman down Market-space ;
No shad ever swam under Chesapeake's water
More red in its gills than was Winny's sweet face.

O, fat as an oyster within the shell dozing,
How soft was thy heart till gin's witchery came ;
Like the wave of the bay all thy virtues inclosing,
And crush'd all thy beauty and wither'd thy frame.

O, long through the streets, when our business loud
calling,
Shall oyster and fishmongers weep o'er the doom
Of her who lies deaf to our roaring and bawling,
With naught but a segar to light up our gloom.

And still when the " buy any shad " season's come in,
And call from their bed wake the young and the old ;
Then the fish-trading craft, ay, the lover and woman,
At sunrise shall scream when thy story is told.

The gin-drinking maid, while her herring she dresses,
The food of the day her last penny paid for ;
When she thinks of thy fate will forget her distresses,
And mournfully turn to the bottle once more.

Nor shall Jemmy, beloved of his hero, forget thee,
Though so blue by his hero he naught can discern;
Close, close by the neck of that hero he'll set thee,
Or plunge head and heels in thy wave-girdled urn.

Good-by—be it ours to think what a hard pillow
Thy soft head is laid on—may'st thou find a shell
Large enough to protect thee from sharks of the billow,
Where thou'lt quietly sleep and enchantingly dwell.

Around thee will glisten the loveliest fishes
That ever were caught by the net or the line;
With oceans of clams, winding through the sea meshes,
Thy chamber of rest most testaciously fine.

We'll dive our tongs down where our fortunes are
creeping,
Then keep in thy home and take care of thy head;
We're loath to disturb thee, so sweetly thou'rt sleeping,
So roll away off with thy sweet oyster bed.

Good-by—good-by—until brandy's sweet fountain
Is lost to the taste of the beaux and the belle;
They'll long for the hero—the dew of the mountain,
They'll do as the maid did that sleeps in that shell.

STANZAS.

All may be happy if they court smiles
Instead of tears.

J. H. Hewitt.

“AND what is life?” the poet sings—
“A day of grief and sorrow,
An opening bud of yesterday,
A wither'd leaf to-morrow.

A something fleet, evanescent,
The ephemera of an hour,
A dream of dreams too quickly spent,
A shadow on a flower.

A vale of woe and misery,
With naught but groans and sighing,
Ourselves a walking monument,
Our only pleasure dying.”

Thus! they with dark alchymy turn
All things to misery's token,
And grumble, growl, at this bright world,
Like frogs in mill-ponds croaking.

I pity their distemper'd brains,
Who see naught here to cheer them,
Kind nature with her smiling plains,
Rich perfume seems to bleeer them.

At grief's approach hang out her flag,
And grieve to cure their grieving;
Dark spots upon this bright world daub,
— Themselves deceived, deceiving.

Tho' much 's been said and much 's been sung,
And much by nature spoken,
Yet still they keep their senseless, dull
And unremitted croaking.

Well! let them croak until they burst;
I've heard, and will believe it,
That folks who rail at this "sad life,"
Are very loath to leave it.

O NO, I NEVER MENTION IT.

O no, I never mention it,
To tell I'll never dare ;
I drank, got boozy, fought, was dragged
Next morning 'fore the Mayor ;
From court to court they hurried me—
My eyes were black as jet ;
The people laughed, his honor stared,
That stare I'll ne'er forget !

He took my *change*, and bade me change
The course that I pursue ;
Said he, " You seem a fine young man,
Quit sotting or you'll rue ;
I'll fine you hard and make you pay,
This spree you'll long regret—
You surely shall remember it."
I never can forget !

He told me folks were happy who
Drank water, milk and tea ;
Said I—just let me through this bar,
That Bar I'll never see ;
I'll quit the bowl and drunk makers.—
I've kept my promise yet,
And though I never mention it,
I never can forget !

A FEW STANZAS.

TO MISS MARTHA R.

THEY tell me thou art young, the world
Unknown to thy light heart,
A dream, a joy-lit banner furl'd,
And in its glittering folds impearl'd
Shines hope's gem-lighted mart.

They tell me thou art loved, the flowers
Of life thy path bestrew ;
And care-worn mortals bless the hours
Of dimpled joy in pleasure's bowers,
Lit up with smiles by you.

O ever be those smiles the birth
Of innocence and love ;
May flowers of life still strew the earth,
Blessing and blessed be thy mirth,
Like the bright sky above.

Youth long will gild thy cheeks, for there
Good nature reigns supreme ;
And loved thou'lt be, but light may'st share
Keen disappointment's withering care
In thy young bosom's dream.

And when this world to thee is known,
Its joy-starr'd banner wave,
Thy heart turns down to bright hours flown;
Then be thy past a golden crown
To light thee to the grave.

TO TWO SISTERS,

ONE OF WHICH ARGUED 'T WAS IMPRUDENT TO KISS A GENTLEMAN
BEFORE MARRIAGE.

SAY why that blush? dost quit defence?
Unwittingly I blush to find,
Susan, thy bosom's eloquence
Against thy unweigh'd words combined.
Now let thy heart give honest voice,
And tell me dost thou deem't amiss,
Near him thy bosom's holy choice,
Dearest, to grant one little kiss?
Sweet is the sigh that owns the truth,
And sweet the assent of Sarah's smile,
Revealed by thoughts that know no guile—
Ah! dare I say to both of you,
Hold up your cheeks, let's prove it true.

THE SOOTHING SONG OF THE DREAM SPIRIT.

THOSE wreaths of white roses,
How lovely they glow!
Round the top of thy dwelling,
Thy heaven below.
They wind o'er a bower,
An air-built alcove,
Where foliage and flower
Bloom beauteous above.

How bright to thy vision
That alcove appears;
It wins thy thoughts upwards,
Thy bosom it cheers,
As it winds round thy dwelling,
A circle of love,
For 'twas made by the angels
That bower above.

Though the home of thy children
Was sad to thy sight,
This comes to thy dwelling
To make it all bright;
To show that thy castle's
A bower of Love,
Which blends with and leads to
Yon bower above!

TO THE MISSES W***.

A TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE.

“I WAS a stranger and ye took me in ;”
Ye gave me friendship, though ye knew me not—
Upon my bosom’s page your kindness wrote
Memories which time can never blot.
Sisters I have in that bright land I left ;
I wept when on the vessel’s deck I stood,
And as my own loved home the distance clasped,
I felt that all the kind, the loved, the good,
Were in Old England. But I’ve found
The Stranger’s home—the Eagle-land
Has daughters lovely as the British dames,
Whose kind words cheer him, and whose open hand
Leaps to the welcome of the Stranger, poor,
Whose heart is far away beyond the Atlantic’s roar
O ! could I give my pen the swelling thoughts
Your kind names wake within my bosom’s cell,
I’d speak a lover’s love, and this poor lay
Would of a more than sister’s kindness tell.
Language is faint, song may not tell the feelings
That raise my bosom till the tear-drops start ;
Ye shall be treasured, tun’d to those deep pealings
Which sing the love-hallowed memories of the heart.

TALE OF MEDORA'S MAIDENS.

“The sun had sunk—and darker than the night,
Sinks with its beams upon the beacon's height,
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone,
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless one!”

THREE days upon the beacon tower
Watching for *him* she stood,
Wearied, and faint, and failing fast,
Yet tasted not of food.

Although her fav'rite Meda press'd
With wild imploring air,
Yet nothing passed those sweet lips, save
The unavailing prayer.

At midnight in our dreamy sleep
Was heard the matron's cry—
“Hasten, ye maidens, to the beach,
Or, Allah! she will die!

“Three lingering days I watch'd my child,
Wearied to-night I lay
Upon my couch, and while I slept,
My bird has flown away!”

We paused not—heard no more—away
On wings of fear we hied,
Down to the shore, and soon we knelt
Her senseless form beside.

Wild was our gaze on that pale brow,
Cold form and quivering lips,—
The cloud upon her heavenly eyes
Foretold their near eclipse.

And quick to her couch we bore her,
Cordial and skill applying;
But her disease skill could not reach,
We saw that she was dying.

Ah! who could count the tears that fell
Within that house of sorrow;
The thousand prayers each sad heart pour'd—
The deep dread of to-morrow.

“We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low;
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

“So silently, we seem’d to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our power
To eke her living out.

“Our very hopes belied our fears;
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

“For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill’d with earthly showers,
Her quiet eye-lids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.”

THE ANGRY LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

AWAY! false girl! thy treacherous smile
Shall never more betray—
The heart that lov'd thee without guile
Thou never more shalt sway.

Thy wheedling tongue shall ne'er ensnare,
Nor give my bosom pain;
My heart would sooner hug despair
Than trust thy vows again.

Thy beauty ne'er shall wake my soul
To thoughts of love for thee;
Thy tears shall ne'er my heart control,
For heart and soul are free.

I'd sooner wear the galling chain,
With southern negroes toil,
Endure man's misery and pain,
Or with the serpents coil,

Than trust my heart to thee again,
Myself unto thy arms,
Or once again endure the bane
Of thy deceitful charms.

FRIENDSHIP.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

OH! Friendship! soother of the troubled mind!
Where does thy power cease? to where confin'd?
Earth has no chains for thee, soul of the soul,
But free thy spirit roves from pole to pole,
Pours its rich balm on Turk and Christian breast,
Bids hatred fly, dispels the soul's unrest;
Thy bright, thy holy influence spreading round,
Child of the skies, in thee does heaven abound,
And gathering glory from the power that sent,
Inspir'd of God, becomes omnipotent.

Yes, born of heaven thou art, bright star of love,
And all thy deeds thy heavenly virtues prove;
Rich gift of God to cheer man's path below,
To smooth his joy and tranquillize his woe!
In all our miseries a firm, staunch prop,
Faithful, unwavering, till life's curtain drop;
Ay, like the love once woke in woman's breast,
Burns brightly in prosperity and distress,
And warmly clings, though worldly hopes are riven,
A soothing power, ethereal spark of heaven.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY THE INITIALS OF WHOSE NAME
WERE S. A. D.

OH, Melancholy! Death's pale daughter,
Fell spoiler of the heart's bright glee,
I pray thee pour not thy dark water
Upon the joy of S. A. D.

I feel and know thy power, Sadness,
And from thy sceptre cannot flee;
But though *I'm* doomed, touch not the gladness
Of the young heart of S. A. D.

O, she's a rose-bud freshly blooming—
Melt not its charms in thy dark sea;
Though roses bloom but for consuming,
Spare the young flower, S. A. D.

They say the heart that feels thy breaker
Is schooled for joys in heaven that be:
O, she's as pure as tears can make her—
School not the heart of S. A. D.

Preserving spirits, hover round her,
Shield her from pangs that torture me;
Kind guardians, keep her as you found her,
The pure and gentle S. A. D.

TO MY FRIEND.

FAREWELL! one of the few who star
The clouded waters of my breast,
I send the dove-thoughts from the war
Of doubts and griefs that there infest.

I bid him seek if one green swell
Rises above that darken'd tide,
And bring the olive branch to tell
The mount does o'er its waves abide.

Back to my anxious soul doth flee
The thought and branch, there is a spot,
And thy firm love the branch shall be,
Those *few* my mount of Ararat.

And never did a prouder mount
Repel the wave or cleave the skies ;
Sunk in my soul's extremest fount,
Its base the part that never dies.

And never did the hallow'd tree
Of Friendship grow a greener bough
Than that my love has emblem'd thee,
And spreads upon my bosom now.

Oh, Friendship *is* a mount of bliss,
Round which affliction well may cling;
And what were such a world as this,
Was it indeed “a name—a thing!”

The world *might* then ask Lethe's hand
To hide, or Death all, all explode—
Away! that mount will ever stand,
Its origin, its base is God!

My Friend! I need not tell thee more;
That word expresses all of prayer
That tongue could speak or heart could pour—
All wishes, blessings centre there.

Farewell! still wend thy even way
In peace through shocks my feelings fell;
And woman, seraph woman, may
Her love thy mount of blisses swell.

And may those darken'd waves subside
From round my Ararat, and be
For aye my Friendship opened wide
To all the world as 'tis to thee.

THE MAIDEN'S FAREWELL.

GOOD-BY to thee, lov'd of my youth,
Enraptured we met, but in sorrow we part;
O deep as the undying spirit of truth
Remembrance of thee will remain in my heart.
Good-by to that smile and that look which endears,
Even these will oft waken fond memory's tears.

When the youth of yon city love garlands shall twine,
And woo with soft smile, I will then think of thine;
Sweet memory's voice will exclaim in my breast,
How bright and more dear were the moments *you* blest;
In the silence of night thy lov'd image shall be
Near my heart, and my dreams shall be ever of thee.
Glad smiles which *were* thine to my vision will come,
To cheer the lone exile or beacon her home;
O! say from my dreams shall I waken with care—
No! no, for I'll smile that I meet thee e'en there.

My own one, adieu! while I breathe it again,
In thy heart say once more I shall ever remain;
To our vows let me hear the fond accents from you,
Come sorrow or joy, I will ever be true.
How! how could I doubt thee, thou dear one? but see,
Even now the bark's ready that bears me from thee;
Like a summons to death comes that cold notice-bell,
Lov'd, treasur'd one, only one, farewell! farewell!

W O M A N .

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF A SYBIL IN ONE OF THE ANNUALS.

ALL women are sybils, and, oh, to unfold them

Would bother the wise and the learned ones' brains,
For when in their clutches they think that they hold
them,

They slip through their fingers, and *that* for their
pains.

How many, how many have boasted possession—

Have pedantly swore that deep woman they knew ;
They could see in her heart, like a book or confession—
None else but themselves though believes it was true.

For woman, strange woman, is all contradiction ;

One moment you'll swear she's as perfect as sweet,
And next from your mind slips the sudden conviction,
And Lord ! she's the devil's one, drill'd and com-
plete.

She's witch, and she's angel—she's saint, and she's
sinner—

She's every thing bad, and she's all that is good ;
And when it seems plainly your gain is to win her,
The gain you'll find out is a loss understood.

In some things she's one thing, and first, in her youth,
- She's innocent—age soon brings cunning instead;
She's a trifler perfected—a lover of truth
In others; herself can lie bravely—in bed.

In short, she's a puzzle for any man's solving,
Though solve her, or search her, or know her, can
no man;
For after your brain in all its corners revolving,
Your only conclusion is—woman—is woman.

But strange as she is, and a puzzle together,
With such a wild thing for my friend or my wife,
I could sail through the world, braving fair or foul
weather,
And swear, though she's *pepper*, she's *sugar* of life.

A NIGHT VISIT TO MY FATHER'S GRAVE

(WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.)

THE melancholy moon moves slowly on
Through hosts of stars that glitter round her path,
Wrapped in a sheet of white and clouds anon,
Like Eastern beauty's spangled shroud of death.

Or like the bruised heart whose cheerless task
It is to move through splendid thoughtless crowds,
And seem with them in joy's bright rays to bask,
But hide the anguish that the soul enshrouds.

The earth is silent, naught but the busy breeze
Is heard, pouring its fitful moan o'er nature's gloom,
Stirring thy placid lake, Seneca, where one sees
Reflected in thy glass yon glittering dome.

And now and then breaks from the marsh below
The dreary croakings of the bass-voiced frog,
Joined with the cricket's plaintive song of woe,
And whiles the barking of the watchful dog.

The toil-worn cattle and the toil-worn man
Now rest their weary limbs in sweet repose,
But I, unblest by sleep, with visage wan,
And soul incumbered with elegiac woes,

Have wandered here the village graveyard to,
Where spirits soar congenial with my mind ;
The ghost-like tombs, some crouch below,
Upon the dreary earth or graves behind.

Ye still, still sleepers all are many-voiced,
And speak but grief ; but there has one long lain
Beside thee in his dwelling chill and moist,
Who's drawn me here to weep and think, though
thinking pain.

My father ! three long years have passed in gloom
Since, weeping, sad, we laid thee 'neath the sod,
And turning, heart-broke, sought our gloomy home,
A home no more since thou hast gone—to God.

STANZAS.

TO MRS. MARGARET A.

MELODIOUSLY sweet yon beautiful stream
Glides calmly away 'neath the moon's bright beam ;
Spangled all o'er is its crystal face,
Embracing the heaven's dazzling space.
May thy life, as that stream, flow gently away,
Illum'd in its course by a heavenly ray ;
Zephyrs soft cheering thy life as it flies,
And thy heart, as the stream, reflect naught but the
skies.

And oh ! may the one thou hast blest with thy hand
Prove as true to thy love as thy virtues command ;
'Those scenes of delight your fond hearts have enjoyed,
May they oft be repeated and ne'er be alloy'd.
Grant, Heaven, that when my poor heart shall be blest,
And my cares meet the soothings of beauty's soft breast,
That the lips which will soothe and the charms which
entwine,
Oh ! Margaret, my friend, be as pleasing as thine.

SONG OF THE WIND.

PRIZE POEM.

WHENCE come ye with your odor-laden wings,
Fond, viewless wanderers of a summer night?
Why sportive kiss my lyre's trembling strings,
Fashioning wild music—which the light
Of listening orbs doth seem in joy to drink?
Ye wanton round my form, and kiss my brow,
While I hold converse with the stars that wink,
And laugh upon the mirror-stream below.

“ Oh, I have come fresh from the sun-beaten climes,
With the incense rich of a thousand sweet flowers,
I have frolicked in many a forest of limes,
And stolen the dew drops from jessamine bowers.

I have kiss'd the white crest of the moon-lit wave,
And bosom'd the sail of the reckless bark;
I have sung my mad dirge o'er the sea-boy's grave,
And fann'd up the blaze of the meteor spark.

I have wander'd along the sea's pebbly shore,
And wanton'd around the young sea-nymph's form;
I have play'd with the surf when its frolic was o'er,
And murmured aloud with the coming storm.

I have wildly careered through the shivering shrouds,
And rent the reef'd sail of the corsair in twain;
I have scream'd at the burst of the thunder-clouds,
And laugh'd at the rage of the frothy main.

But erst, and I left on an ocean-girt rock,
That tower'd alone o'er the battering wave,
The wreck of a ship, which the tempest's wild shock
Had borne, with her wealth, to a watery grave.

And lonely and sad o'er her shivering form
The last of her bold crew, an aged man, stood;
He heard not the notes of the loud piping storm,
While he triumphed alone in his wild solitude.

I lifted the locks from his time-stricken brow,
And I kiss'd the hot tears from his care-furrowed
cheek;
When he cried out—"My comrades—oh! where are
they now?"
I answered him loud—"To the billow, and seek!"

He spoke of his home and his own cherish'd ones—
But the muttering thunder alone made reply;
The lightnings flash'd bright like a myriad of suns,
And the waves vaulted up to the dark leaden sky

Oh! that sorrowing man!—how he smote on his breast,
How he wept for the world he was going to leave;
He shrunk from the grave where his bold comrades
rest,
And he cried for life's joys, only made to deceive.

Then o'er his wan visage a holy light spread,
As he turned toward heaven a mild pleading eye;
He mutter'd a prayer for the peace of the dead,
While I whispered him softly—" *the soul cannot die.*"

A smile threw its light round his feverish lips,
As he laid on the rock his hoary old head—
The cold spirit came—'twas a moment's eclipse,
A struggle—a sigh—and his spirit had fled!

Where the citron tree pouts with its golden-hued fruit,
And the coffee-plant shakes to the fiery breath;
I have waken'd the song of the Spanish girl's lute,
While I placed on her lip the cold signet of death.

For the death-plague had perched on my shadowless
wings,
And the form that I touched became lifeless and
cold;
To the dirge I awaken'd the lute's steeping strings,
And it sung of the maiden whose days were all told.

I hurried me on—and the things of the earth
Fell stricken with death as I wander'd along ;
I blasted the smile of the board and the hearth,
And I leveled alike both the feeble and strong.

But, shrink not—I've gather'd the sweets of the flowers,
And, laden with perfume, I come to thee now,
To kiss the dew-lips of the rosy-wing'd hours,
And play with the dark locks that shadow thy brow.



S T A N Z A S .

SEE yon moon in the heavens, how stately her pace,
And see those dark clouds that encompass her round,
While some in her pathway their black bodies place,
Like an army of spirits to crush or confound.

But still, with a progress majestic and calm,
She fearlessly keeps on her luminous path,
And even when successful her passage they dam,
Or seemingly clasp her, still smiles thro' their wrath.

Oh ! thus lives the heart that with virtue is crown'd,
By religion supported—heaven-lighted and led ;
'Twill move on serenely though troubles surround,
And smile, like the moon, through the clouds that
invade.





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